The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1927 NUMBER 668

Contents

The Week 107

Editorials

Some Sort of League 109
That Balance of Trade 111
Compensation for Motor Accidents 112

General Articles

Servants of the Spindle—I ..... Paul Blanshard 114
The Bolshevist Boy Scouts ..... Albert Rhys Williams 116
New Orleans ..... Bruce Bliven 119
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 122
First Ballyhoo and Dickens ..... Stark Young 123
The Old Disbeliever ..... Gilbert Seldes 124

Correspondence 125

Reviews of Books

Impossible India ..... S. K. Ratcliffe 127
American Psychiatry ..... Joseph Jastrow 128
Mystic Democrats and Baffled Voters ..... Harold F. Gosnell 129
The Democratic Age ..... Christian Gauss 130
Fiction Notes ..... R. M. L. 130

The Week

WITH a burst of oratory, remarkable for quantity if not otherwise, representatives of the Great Powers at Geneva have sought to eradicate the impression that they are no longer loyal to the ideals of the League of Nations. This charge is being widely circulated in private, and no wonder. Again and again, important international conflicts have been settled independently, behind the League's back. The most recent example of this was only a fortnight ago, when the question of reducing the Allied army in the Rhineland was privately discussed and conclusions reached, in advance of the League meeting, by representatives of France, England and Germany. Too much importance, of course, ought not to be attached to the mere technical question of using the League's machinery. If problems are actually solved, and satisfactorily, it does not greatly matter whether the collaborators sit as a committee of the Council or as representatives of the Powers. The evil comes when the League is shouldered aside to permit secret negotiations which will not bear the light of day, or to arrange a settlement of which most of its members would not approve. Instances of this have not been lacking.

THE two outstanding events of the Assembly's first week were Germany's acceptance of compulsory arbitration of international disputes, and the Polish proposal for the outlawry of war. The first of these developments deserves unstinted admiration. It is the best possible testimonial as to the changed spirit which is abroad in Germany today. The Polish proposal has nothing about it that is new. It represents the point of view which France has long advocated, and differs in no important particular from the rejected Protocol of Geneva. That the Conservative government of Great Britain would reject it was inevitable; but Sir Austen Chamberlain's speech, in which he served notice that Great Britain had incurred quite enough European liabilities and would undertake no more, was an awkward performance. It did nothing to offset the impression that the Baldwin government is the chief stumbling block to world peace. This government has broken with Russia; it has become the chief object of hatred on the part of the Chinese; it bears a heavy burden of responsibility for the failure of two successive conferences on limitation of armament. Great Britain unquestionably has a case for declining to accept further responsibilities than she can see her way clear to carry out, and for demanding that the nations of the Continent shall arrange among themselves their *modus vivendi;* but this case suffered at the hands of a spokesman who failed to present it in a manner to offset the anti-British propaganda with which Geneva has been flooded this year.

THE saddest spectacle in many a gloomy day is that of American exporters wailing and gnashing their teeth over French high tariffs. Goods entering France may be taxed at low, intermediate or high rates; and many classes of American manufactures have just been removed from the first or second category to the third. As a result, our

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exporters aver that a business of at least ten million dollars a year is in danger of being lost by us to the Germans, who have recently concluded a highly advantageous commercial treaty with France. It is probably true that the new high rates on American goods were imposed to give the French a strong position in the negotiations over a Franco-American commercial treaty, which are about to begin. It must be conceded also that there is some merit in the general plea for "most-favored nation" treatment, if only under the open-door policy. Yet when all this has been granted, the spectacle of America, the world's leading high-tariff advocate, a nation which by its own imposts has cut down French exports to us to about a fifth of our exports to France, pleading against high tariffs somewhere else in the world—such a spectacle can only be described as comic.

ELSEWHERE in this issue we publish two letters, criticizing the New Republic's attitude in regard to the Sacco-Vanzetti case, which deserve a word of comment. We agree with Professor Copeland that the administration of criminal justice in America is in need of reformation; but we have no apologies to make for having done what he complains of, and devoted our energies to the specific attempt to prevent the execution of these two men. Neither can we admit that our editorial policy was based on mere "sympathy and sentiment." The effort to save Sacco and Vanzetti was not incompatible with an attempt to reform judicial procedure; their plight illustrated the necessity for such reform. The difference is that the effort on their behalf had to be made at once, and within a short period of time, or not at all; while the reformation of criminal procedure is an enormous task which will, at best, take many years, and must result from the coöperation of numerous agencies. In the consummation of that task, the New Republic hopes to play its part.

PROFESSOR Copeland's constructive suggestion is that, in treating criminal cases, courts and juries should be abolished, and the expert assistance and advice of the psychiatrist be substituted. It is undoubtedly true that psychology has made great strides in recent years, and that court procedure needs to be modified in the light of them. But psychology is itself only on the threshold of its career. We doubt whether it is, on the whole, yet ready to assume any such responsibility as he suggests. Certainly, we had rather trust a criminal today to the common sense of some judges whom we know, than to the scientific judgment of some psychologists whom we also know. Read the outgivings of the eugenists if you would see what some "accepted scientists" would do to the criminal today, if permitted. Finally, even if Professor Copeland's advice on this point were good, complete attainment of his ideal would continue to lie in the realm of impossibility, so far as this generation is concerned. Surely he would not have wished the New Republic or any other journal to stand aside while Sacco and Vanzetti were made the victims of judicial murder, and repeat a parrot-cry, "The psychiatrist should supplant the court!"

PROFESSOR Boring, in the first and second of his "therapeutic suggestions," raises important points to which, we are glad to assure him, the New Republic expects to return frequently in the future. As to his third suggestion, if our articles seemed based upon a presumption of infallibility, they badly failed to represent fairly what was in the editors' minds. What we sought to attack most strongly was precisely the assumption of infallibility on the part of Messrs. Thayer, Fuller, Lowell, Stratton and Grant. The editors of the New Republic do not know whether Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty, although we believe the evidence against that supposition was very strong. All that we asked for them was a fair trial; if they had been granted this and had then been found guilty, we should have acquiesced in the outcome. We have contended that they did not have the benefit of due process of law; and as to this we think the facts are so conclusive that it may be accepted as completely "true" in the pragmatic sense which is the only one humanity can live and work by. We still feel that this statement can be made with the utmost vigor, and without those incessant genuflections before the shrine of human fallibility which Professor Boring appears to demand. We think his complaint would be better addressed to Massachusetts, which had a case to prove, than to the New Republic, which has only claimed that Massachusetts did not prove its case.

IT IS all to the good that the smoldering fires in the Federal Reserve system should have burst out at last into visible flame. The action of the Reserve Board in ordering the Chicago bank to reduce its rediscount rate from 4 to 3½ percent has resulted in a direct challenge of the Board's authority to compel such a change against the wishes of the local directorate; and upon the result of this challenge will hang, in an important degree, the decision whether we are to have a completely centralized monetary system. The language of the act seems to indicate clearly that a large degree of local autonomy was intended, with the Federal Reserve Board acting chiefly as a court of appeal. In practice, however, the whip has been cracked from Washington and the district banks have obeyed. It is probable that some of the dissatisfaction resulting from Federal Reserve Board decisions—as, for example, in the great deflation of 1920-21—could have been avoided if each district had been permitted to act by itself in the light

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of an intimate knowledge of local conditions. Banking control is still banking control, even if exercised regionally instead of from one central source; but in the former case there is at least some degree of local give and take.

ANOTHER governor of Indiana is in trouble. Hardly had Warren McCray been released from Atlanta, after serving one-third of a ten-year sentence for get-rich-quick operations, before his successor in office, the Hon. Ed. F. Jackson, had been indicted. The charges are conspiracy to commit a felony, and attempted bribery, and they date back to the days when McCray was still in the gubernatorial chair. It is alleged that, at that time, Jackson offered McCray $10,000 and assurance of relief from his own predicament, if he would appoint James E. McDonald as prosecuting attorney of Marion County, where Indianapolis is located. McDonald was closely associated with D. C. Stephenson, former head of the Indiana Ku Klux Klan and political ruler of the state, now serving a life sentence for the murder of Miss Madge Oberholtzer. Another link binds Jackson and Stephenson—the passage of a mysterious $2,500 between them. Governor Jackson, after long and deep thought, has announced that this was the price of a horse; but experts in equine appraisal who have seen the animal say the sum was at least ten times too much. It will be interesting to see whether the arm of the Klan is still long and strong enough to prevent the revelations which are evidently impending.

SEYMOUR LOWMAN, assistant secretary of the Treasury in charge of prohibition enforcement, is in the gravest danger of losing his job. Last week he opened his mouth and said what he thought of the present enforcement staff. He observed of his subordinates that "there are many incompetent and crooked men in the service," and that "bribery is rampant . . . some days my arm gets tired signing orders of dismissal." He estimated that "if America can be made sober and temperate in fifty years a good job will have been done." Such frankness is no less than heresy. The high priests of the Anti-Saloon League and the other dry organizations will never, never admit that prohibition is not working perfectly; and the Republicans have been laboring night and day to keep prohibition from becoming an issue in the campaign. The only plausible theory is that Mr. Lowman, after his forty days spent in contemplation of the flood, has wearied of his job, and takes a short and simple route to rid himself of it.

NEARLY every newspaper editor believes with all his heart that we are now experiencing both a crime wave and an epidemic of youthful suicides. But those who have looked into these matters, and can speak with some authority, do not agree. A careful study made by Ellen C. Potter, Secretary of Welfare for the state of Pennsylvania, and published in the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, shows that, since 1875, crime has decreased in proportion to population nearly 40 percent. And the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, commenting on the alleged suicide wave among young people, reports, as a result of exhaustive inquiry, that the suicide rate for the population as a whole is decreasing, and that the proportionate decrease among those nineteen years old or younger is the largest of all. Both these "waves" have, in fact, been chiefly journalistic inventions. A succession of sensational crimes, or as many as two suicides, in the same month, of children of well known parents, causes editors to assemble all such items in one place, keep tally, and view with alarm. It is comforting to know that that alarm has been groundless.

MR. GENE Tunney is to receive a guarantee of one million dollars for his share in the little bout of fisticuffs with Mr. Jack Dempsey in Chicago on September 22. Mr. Dempsey is to receive $450,000. Mr. Tunney will get an additional sum of perhaps $250,000, because of a sliding scale arrangement based on the box-office receipts. These have already passed $2,500,000 and are expected to reach $3,000,000. And there are the movie rights. In addition to paying up to $40 each for their tickets (or more, to speculators) many of the 100,000 persons who will see the fight will have spent additional hundreds of dollars each on railroad fare. This despite the fact that most of the seats in the arena promise only a remote view of the spectacle; despite the possibility of staying at home and hearing it described in detail on the radio; despite the notorious criticism of nearly every recent championship bout as having been crooked. In the decadent days of Rome, the citizens clamored for bread and circuses. Nowadays, we seem willing to omit the bread.

Some Sort of League

NOTHING in the recent history of the League of Nations has touched America so closely as the incident created by the representative of Panama last week. Dr. Morales, former Foreign Minister for the Isthmian republic, suggested in the Assembly that it might be well for the "dispute" with the United States over the sovereignty of the Canal Zone to be referred to the League for arbitration. He drew an immediate and sharp response from Secretary Kellogg: there is no dispute, Mr. Kellogg said, and the United States has "nothing to arbitrate." We have exercised complete control of the Canal Zone for many years, under the old treaty, and propose to continue to do so.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There the matter is likely to rest for the present. England and France will doubtless see to it that nothing is done just now at Geneva which will embarrass the United States. Official cognizance of an issue of this sort between a member of the League and a non-member, an issue which is certain not to lead to war, would only be possible with our consent, and nothing could be plainer than that such consent will not be given. Yet the incident ought to make citizens of the United States stop and think about the serious situation into which we are drifting as regards Latin America, the League, and our own hegemony in the western hemisphere.

Nearly all the countries of South and Central America are members of the League. The Argentine Republic, after resigning several years ago, is on the point of joining again. Spiritually, these countries are provinces of Europe. Their languages are Spanish and (in Brazil) Portuguese; all their major ties of interest are with France, Spain and Italy; when their citizens go on holiday, they flock to Paris. Temperamentally and otherwise, they are strongly attracted to the League of Nations. They take its obligations far more seriously than they do their membership in the Pan-American Union or any other body confined to the western hemisphere.

On the other hand, they have great and growing economic ties with the United States. Foreign trade with us has already reached a huge total, and is rapidly increasing. Our capital is being used to develop a dozen of these countries; in several of them, banks or industrial corporations owned in New York are the most important institutions, stronger than the government itself. The development of roads, railways, steamship lines, telegraph and radio communication is going on apace, and is creating at least the beginnings of a continental consciousness. At present it may still be true, as South American spokesmen contend, that these countries are far more closely bound to Europe than they are to one another; but this condition is rapidly being altered. In Central America, Mexico is already the predominant power. To an important extent, the Argentine Republic, Brazil and Chile are developing a common heritage of literature, education and cultural aims.

Next to inadequate facilities for communication, the strongest influence retarding this creation of a hemispherical unity has been the attitude of the United States. Our interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine in recent years has made it even more completely a unilateral document than in its earlier history. The existence of the Pan-American Union, and the calling of an occasional Pan-American Congress, should not deceive anyone as to the predominant position of the United States in this hemisphere, a position based, in the final analysis, on force. Over and over again, we have demonstrated that we propose to do precisely as we please in our relations with the Central and South American republics. No item ever appears on the agenda of a Pan-American Congress which would embarrass the representatives of Washington in any degree. When the decision of the Central American Court of Arbitration went against us in the interpretation of the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty, we displayed no hesitation in overriding its verdict and thereby ending its career. Repeatedly, in official utterances, we have insisted that the Monroe Doctrine is and must continue to be a policy of the United States alone, to be accepted by others whether they like it or not.

All this is an old story; the new aspect comes with the growing importance of Latin America in the League, and the possibility, thus opened up, of the importance of the League in South America. No serious attention need be paid to the burst of discussion along these lines at Geneva during the past fortnight; it was plainly propaganda, designed partly to offset the League's recent comparative failure in Europe, partly to strengthen the faith of the Latin-American members. For the present, the Great Powers will see to it that no action is taken at Geneva which would affront the Washington government. But how long will this be true? In recent years, the tendency to sacrifice everything in order to placate the United States has dwindled conspicuously. Our reservations to the resolution adhering to the World Court were received with an apathy which was next door to hostility. The hope so long cherished, that we might soon assume full membership in the League, has been deferred to the far distant future. We may as well face the fact that, as things are now moving, the day may not be far distant when the United States may be called to account before the bar of world opinion, as represented in the Geneva organization, for its Latin-American policy. It may be said that we can ignore such proceedings; and, for the present, that is perhaps true. But what American would welcome the sight of his country relying on mere strength to justify a dogged silence in the face of such a challenge?

The anomaly of our position is one which cannot be explained away by phrases. We are the only Great Power which undertakes to act as suzerain for a group of independent states, and yet remains outside the League, within which most of these states are themselves to be found. Russia exerts a similar control, but not on a scale comparable to our own, and over states most of which are not represented at Geneva—states, moreover, which accept Russian interference far less reluctantly than Latin America accepts our own. Is it not clear that, in the long run, we must either prepare to practise imperialism on a scale never before witnessed, or we must mutualize our relationship to the other American republics? If we are not willing to do so through the existing League—and there are grave difficulties in the path—we can set up some approximation of a Pan-American League. These are two diverging paths in foreign policy, and we must choose one

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or the other before very long. The farther we go on the road of imperialism, the more difficult we shall find it to retrace our steps and move in the other direction.

That Balance of Trade

THE recent report of the Department of Commerce on the international balance of payment of the United States in 1926 is calculated, in the view of its authors, to set at rest much of the disquietude which has accompanied our transition from a debtor to a creditor nation. In spite of the fact that foreign countries owe us more than we owe them, our "favorable" merchandise trade balance is not likely to disappear. At any rate, tangible exports may not shrink perceptibly. The payment of the war debts will probably not cause much inconvenience, and their transfer can be effected, the implication is, without any change in tariff policy. Nor need there be any fear that interest and dividends arising from private investments abroad cannot be paid.

How does all this upsetting of theoretical economic apple carts come about? Through the most thorough canvassing of international payments to and from the United States that has ever been made, which reveals the relative importance of the "invisible" items, ordinarily overlooked. Such items are, indeed, difficult to estimate, and the report may be mistaken as to their amounts. It may, furthermore, have omitted something. We have scanned it in vain for the large "invisible" items represented by imports of genuine Scotch, Jamaican, Cuban and other drinkables—if the bootleggers are to be believed. But, assuming it to be reasonably accurate, we find that the merchandise balance of exports is smaller than the invisible items, either of tourists' expenditures abroad or the net yield on foreign investments. It is not much larger than the amounts we send abroad in immigrants' remittances and charity. What this means is, that as foreign nations owe us more and more, we do not necessarily take our payment either in the form of more imported goods or more gold. We may carry it abroad with us and spend it for travel there, or send it to the folks in the old country, or to foreign missions or Japanese earthquake relief. Or we may reinvest it in foreign securities.

The report further reveals that if we consider, not the total amount lent abroad, by looking only at the value of foreign securities sold in this country, but the net amount, by subtracting from that total such items as new foreign investments in the United States, we have lent considerably less than the sums which have recently been talked about, especially in 1926. Instead of a gross increase in our foreign holdings amounting to $1,332,000,000 for that year, we find a net increase of $557,000,000. Considering the possibilities of growth or decline in all the large invisible items, not usually discussed, such things as merchandise trade balances and gold movements seem relatively unimportant. It is impossible to make a simple and clear prediction as to what will happen to our foreign trade.

This showing may quiet some of the more simple-minded alarmists, but the more one looks at it, the more it is seen to be chiefly a new and more precise way of presenting certain fairly well known facts. It has long been recognized that the persistence of an excess of exports over imports, in spite of our having become a creditor nation, is due to the existence of invisible items on the other side of the balance. It has been known that tourist expenditures and immigrant remittances have been important items among those invisibles. And it has been known that the chief new invisible, which has prevented our merchandise exports from shrinking, has been the growth of foreign invesments by Americans. That growth may have been overestimated for the year 1926, but it has not been greatly overestimated for previous years. And many of the problems associated with that growth remain.

As long as we keep on investing substantially more than foreigners invest in this country, there will be no trouble about our merchandise exports. But is it to be assumed that this process will necessarily continue *ad infinitum*? One concrete question is, whether the new investments will always result in sufficient increase of production, in goods and services, so that the borrowers can maintain good credit. Perhaps they will, in relatively undeveloped and underpopulated countries. Perhaps the Americanizing process of ever-growing production and consumption of a wealth of material goods will steadily penetrate South America, Africa, Australia, Canada, and even China and India. But how about countries like Germany, France and Italy, whose resources are well tapped, and whose population can hardly increase much without a decrease in *per capita* wealth? And what will happen when the increase of wealth in other countries enables them to become, in turn, exporters of capital? Or suppose a war or a revolutionary movement should put a stop to the proliferation of our foreign investments. Could we depend on tourist expenditures to increase sufficiently to take up the balance? And will immigrant remittances continue to grow, as new immigration declines? It is highly improbable, everything considered, that the more the world owes us, the more we shall give back to the world, *ad infinitum*. We might easily become a nation living to a large degree on foreign tribute, with all the uncertainty which such a position involves.

Such dangers are, of course, remote in point of time. They are not likely to produce a disaster in 1928. We mention them only to emphasize the point that it is unsound, when the domestic market refuses to absorb more goods, to look for continual and everlasting expansion of our foreign trade. There should be a growth of useful capital equip-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment, in other countries as well as in the United States, and if the resources for this growth can temporarily come from us, well and good. But the growth of capital must, some time, result in a more general and fuller use of the goods which capital produces, in other countries as well as in the United States, and it ought to result in that use *pari passu* with the growth of capital. In other words, we must not overlook the necessity of increasing wages, salaries and farm incomes, of raising general standards of living, because we are reassured about the possibility of maintaining exports. Nor should we ignore the fact that exports cannot be maintained nor capital be safely invested abroad in the long run, unless foreign populations also share in the higher standards of material living.

One revelation which the report makes points to a danger which might become immediate at almost any time. One of the important invisibles has been the carrying of foreign balances in the form of demand deposits in banks in this country, or in the form of short-term paper. Such balances have resulted either from the flight of foreign capital, due to depreciating exchanges and other dangers, or from loans negotiated in this country, but not yet spent. They have been one important cause of the great amounts of gold which have continued to flow to us. This gold, acting as part of our bank reserves, created a constant danger of inflation, and has occasioned the Federal Reserve authorities much embarrassment. But if its presence is troublesome, a too rapid loss of too much of it might become even more so. At present we could lose a good deal without undue shrinkage of our credit resources. But if these foreign balances should, for some reason, be withdrawn as quickly as they were built up, and too much gold should leave us without warning, the results might be unpleasant. On that account it would be well to redouble existing efforts to avoid all possible inflation based on the existing abnormal surplus of the gold supply.

Compensation for Motor Accidents

WEEK by week and month by month, the published count of automobile accidents rises above the previous year's record. The total number killed and injured by such accidents in this country every year now is about five times as large as the American casualties in the War. Many more than a million men, women and children have suffered death or disablement from this cause, within the past two years. And in spite of the fact that authorities are bending every effort to diminish the number of accidents, the total stubbornly refuses to fall. After everything possible has been done by way of better roads, safer crossings, more traffic regulation, public education and suppression of the incompetent or careless driver, we must make up our minds to the fact that a very large number of casualties is a normal risk of a civilization in which the general population dashes about the highways in machine-driven vehicles capable of going from forty to eighty or more miles per hour.

What is to be done about it? The modern method of indemnity against a normally expected risk is insurance. It is tragic enough for persons to be killed or maimed, but doubly tragic if a breadwinner is deprived of his livelihood without compensation to himself or his dependents, or if hospital expenses cannot be paid. But, in the case of automobile accidents, resulting in personal injury, insurance has taken a peculiar form. For the most part, it is insurance by the owner of a car against loss due to damages which may be assessed against him when someone else is injured. Is such liability insurance an adequate form of protection for the community, including the car-owners themselves? A striking article by Mr. Robert S. Marx, a Chicago lawyer, in the National Municipal Review, shows conclusively that it is not.

The first objection to the adequacy of automobile liability insurance is that in most states it is purely voluntary. Only the most prudent or those who have property to lose employ it. Not more than 16 to 20 percent of the automobiles in use are covered by it. In the case of the remaining 80 to 84 percent, which is likely to include most of the reckless drivers, as well as most of those without property, recovery is uncertain, even if it can legally be demanded.

The present situation is rendered still worse by the fact that the only legal redress lies through the personal injury suit—whether the car owner is insured or not. This is no remedy if the injury is inflicted by a car owned by any governmental agency, on government business, for governments cannot be sued. It is no remedy if the offending car runs away before it can be identified. When suit can be brought, there is delay before its decision—often as long as two and a half years—and it is in this period that the compensation is most needed. The burden of proof is, furthermore, upon the victim, who may be dead or otherwise incapacitated from assembling the evidence on which his case must rest. And if the victim's negligence contributed in the slightest degree to the accident, he cannot recover a cent, even if the driver were 99 percent to blame. How can the distribution of blame be scientifically determined in the complex conditions under which automobile accidents so swiftly occur? And is it to the interest of society to allow persons who are injured, even though they are partly to blame, to go uncompensated? Suppose the victim has taken all these hurdles and is awarded damages. There is no rule for the amount of damages—except certain legal maxims in some states. The whim of the jury sometimes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

results in too much indemnity and sometimes in too little. Finally, if the plaintiff has received a fair verdict, it is whittled away by the counsel fees, which, on the contingent basis, often take from 25 to 50 percent of the award.

The community is injured by the lack of adequate and prompt compensation and hospital treatment. It is injured by the expense of litigation—surely a terrific economic waste. It is injured because the civil courts are cluttered and cannot attend to their proper business: three-fourths of the civil jury trials are concerned with personal injury claims, largely arising from automobile accidents.

Massachusetts has recently passed a law making liability insurance compulsory with every car owner who does not either file an indemnity bond or deposit funds to cover liability up to $5,000. This is a great advance over the prevailing hit-or-miss system, but it still retains the disadvantages of the personal injury suit.

Mr. Marx suggests that we avail ourselves of the experience arising from industrial accidents, and install compulsory compensation insurance for automobile injuries. Nobody doubts any longer the success of workmen's compensation, and the reasons for applying the same principles to this great new field of casualties are doubly strong. His proposal is, in brief, "to compel every automobile owner to procure a policy of compensation insurance as a condition precedent to obtaining a license to drive an automobile upon the public streets and to pay a premium for such a policy to an insurance fund to be used to compensate the victims of accidents arising from the operation of automobiles according to fixed schedules and without regard to fault." Such a plan would, of course, be administered in a businesslike way under trained officials and without the intervention of the courts.

Automobile owners who are not now insured against liability would have no right to object to such a plan, and those who are insured would profit by it. Even under the Massachusetts compulsory liability insurance law, premiums have fallen considerably. Mr. Marx reckons that if, in Ohio, for instance, every car licensed paid a premium of $15, the amount of the fund would, last year, have been sufficient to pay $6,500 for every death, $4 a day during disability to every adult injured, $2 a day during disability to every child, to furnish hospital care and medical attention in all cases, and still to leave an ample reserve. Few car owners who are now insured against liability pay a premium as low as $15. And, of course, the car owners as well as pedestrians would receive protection against other drivers, far superior to that which they now enjoy.

One complication would arise which is not so troublesome in the case of workmen's compensation. State laws governing the industrial plants within a state cover most of the industrial casualties. But, owing to the prevalence of motor touring, many injuries are inflicted by cars in states where they are not licensed. This flaw might have to be corrected by some sort of federal legislation. Or it might be covered by requiring drivers to obtain licenses for every state in which they drive, such licenses to carry compensation premiums at reduced rates according to the time spent in the state.

The prevention of accidents, Mr. Marx thinks, would become much easier if by this means a complete record were kept of the persons, the places and the circumstances involved in every accident. This would be by no means the least of the gains.

It is conceivable that such laws might be thought unfair by automobilists who believe they are careful drivers, do not expect to injure anyone, and do not now carry insurance. The record shows that such expectations are not well founded. At any rate, an objection of this sort must give way to the general good, especially in view of the fact that such owners are now in grave danger of being injured by other and more careless drivers. It might also be charged, as it was in the case of workmen's compensation, that due care might not be exercised if contributory negligence were ignored. But, aside from being moved by the personal danger involved in any motor accident, drivers and others will be impelled to exercise care by the fact that the compensation could not cover the full loss. Deliberately self-inflicted injury would, of course, not be subject to compensation.

In spite of the apparently clear case for this proposal, it will undoubtedly be opposed by the same interests which are already opposing compulsory liability insurance. There are certain insurance companies who fear either that their rates will be lowered, or that they will lose all their present business through the creation of state insurance funds. It is difficult to see how these fears can carry any weight with the general public. They are totally irrelevant to the main issue. We expect to see the cause of compulsory automobile compensation insurance taken up rapidly throughout the country by progressive public bodies and officials.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1927, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN ROBERT LITTELL
GEORGE SOULE EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG
ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN GILBERT SELDES
ELINOR WYLIE LEO WOLMAN LEWIS MUMFORD

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Servants of the Spindle

I — *The Economic Problem*

FROM the point of view of labor, the Southern cotton mill is not only the sorest spot in our economic life, but it is an infectious spot. The standards of factory labor in the North and West are seriously threatened by the rapid expansion of Southern mills. Twenty-five years ago, New England set the pace in cotton manufacturing, with three times as many spindles as the South. Then the South forged ahead so rapidly that today there are virtually as many spindles in the cotton-growing states as in New England, and they are being worked much harder. New capital going into the industry is flowing southward, the South is setting the pace for new developments, and some Northern mill centers are dying. The sectional conflict in the industry presents some of the aspects of a civil war.

As is usual in such a struggle, the interests of the workers are secondary. The mill promoter seeks cheap labor and turns South to get it. The Southern chamber of commerce welcomes him enthusiastically, and assures him that in its "American" cotton mills there are no strikes, no foreigners and no discontent. The assurance is gilt-edged. There are virtually no strikes and no foreigners in Southern cotton mills, and the discontent which exists is not apparent to the visiting investor.

The long working day is the most striking feature of the labor policy of the mills. While Henry Ford has inaugurated the five-day week, many of the Southern cotton mills run eleven hours a day and twelve hours a night. The ten-hour day and eleven-hour night are common; the eight-hour day is unknown. The mills have the longest nominal week of any considerable manufacturing industry in the United States: North Carolina and Georgia having the sixty-hour week, South Carolina the fifty-five-hour week, and Alabama no limit for adults. All the Southern states allow night work for women. Their Northern competitors run eight and nine hours a day and rarely have a night shift.

The twelve-hour night in a Southern mill means, in practice, that a sixteen-year-old girl may stand at the machines from 6 P. M. to 6:15 A. M. with a fifteen-minute recess for lunch about midnight. We found one mill in Athens, Georgia, which gave no lunch period to its night workers except to weavers: the other workers ate a midnight sandwich while working at the machines. We met a seventeen-year-old boy about 6:30 one morning in Porterdale, Georgia, coming home from work. He was haggard with the strain of the twelve-hour night which he had just completed.

"It ain't worth it," he volunteered during our discussion. "They only give me $10.80 a week and won't let me work in the daytime because I'm a new hand." It is quite common to make new hands work at night to earn their right to work in the daytime.

The worker in the cotton mill is a machine tender watching for moving threads to break. He must stand up nearly all day with attention fixed upon the machine. His muscular strain is not great—it is not comparable to the strain of mining or machine shop work, but his nervous strain is appreciable. He is surrounded by yards and yards of whirling, crashing machines which make conversation with his fellow workers difficult. His hand scarcely touches the cotton in its passage through the mill. In the processes of the mill the machine is everything and the worker almost nothing. Personal creative power has no free play; the machine sets the pace and the worker follows. The rest is endless repetition.

Twenty-five years ago, thousands of little children were sent into the mills at ten and twelve years of age to work ten and eleven hours a day. Today the labor of young children has been abolished in practically all mills. Every state in the South has laws on its statute books prohibiting the labor of children under fourteen in the mills, and the laws are apparently well enforced. In many cases the conscience of the employer in regard to child labor is more sensitive than the conscience of the parents. Some of the credit for the new conditions of child labor must go to the federal laws on the subject which were in force until vetoed by the Supreme Court, but most of it must go to the South for a genuine awakening and a new conscience.

Unfortunately, that conscience does not extend in all cases to the older children from fourteen to sixteen. In Georgia cotton mills, these older children are allowed to work eleven hours a day, in South Carolina, ten hours a day. Alabama has limited their labor to eight hours a day, and recently North Carolina has passed a conditional law to the same effect. Not a single Southern state requires the completion of the elementary course at school for a child of fourteen going to work.

The Southern cotton-mill workers are the poorest paid manufacturing workers in America. Their hourly rates are the lowest of any reported by the National Industrial Conference Board; their annual earnings are the lowest of any large class in the Census of Manufactures. Statistically speaking, the cotton mill workers of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama average $641.97 a year, or $12.35 a week. (Census of Manufactures, 1923.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The lowest wages are usually found in the isolated mill villages of the farther South, where no local factories exist to compete for the labor of the mills. We discovered some girls in Georgia getting $7.50 and $8 a week for a sixty-hour week. We heard reports of many more receiving $5 and $6. A Georgia professor discovered a woman working in 1925 in an Athens mill for $3.50 a week. A woman worker of Taylorsville, North Carolina, is listed as averaging $4.56 for a sixty-hour week. Very few workers in the mills receive more than $25 a week.

If we personalize the actual earnings of the workers, according to the 1926 figures of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, we find that John South Carolina, who is an average cotton-mill wage-earner, receives $10.33 a week, while William North Carolina, who represents the best paid of the Southern groups, receives $13.63 a week. How do the Carolinas make both ends meet? The answer is inevitable, since bootlegging and other profitable avocations are impossible in a Southern mill village. The whole Carolina family works in the mill. The women workers are quite as important in supporting the family as the men, and often they earn more money than the men. The family wage is literally the family wages.

The mill owners and the workers give universal recognition to this practice of working the whole family in the mill. Space in many mill villages is rented to families in proportion to the number of workers they supply to the mill. Mill workers assured us that the owner would put them out of the mill village houses if adult members of their families went to work in industries other than the mill. Usually the threat of such eviction is quite unnecessary. The young people of the mill village pass into the mills at fourteen without persuasion.

The effect of this labor by the whole family is to disguise the actual poverty of the Southern mill worker. The duty of the father to support the family exists only in law. Many things ranked as necessities in the Northern workers' budget are luxuries in the life of the Southern mill worker. Very few children from mill families, for example, ever attend high school. The so-called minimum standard of good life advocated by government and private commissions is non-existent except in those middle years when several members of the family can work in the mill at the same time.

Among the workers there is much discontent with low wages, but little realization of the actual difference between their own standards and those of the North. For the most part, they have come from the farms and mountains of the South. Their life in the back country was incomparably worse than their life in the mill village. They have fled to the mill as a refuge. Few of them have ever worked in any other industry. Workers from the North are rare and are decidedly not welcome.

The cotton-mill workers of the four leading New England states average 58 percent higher annual earnings than their brothers in the South. This appalling difference is only slightly mitigated by the fact that the Northern manufacturer gets a little more value added by manufacture per worker than his Southern competitor. Nor is this sectional comparison the only one which reflects upon the wage scale of Southern cotton mills. The manufacturing wage level, in terms of annual earnings of the four leading Southern cotton-mill states, is 14 percent higher than the cotton-mill wage level in those states!

When they are criticized for paying low wages, Southern mill owners commonly take refuge in two statements which have assumed the force of patriotic dogmas. The workers, they say, are better off than they were before the cotton mills employed them. This is doubtless true, in the sense that their standards of living and security are improved. The workers, they also say, are better off than Northern cotton-mill workers, because the cost of living is so much lower in the South than in the North. This is unquestionably false, but it is widely accepted throughout the South. Its classic form is contained in an utterance by David Clark, the pugnacious editor of the Southern Textile Bulletin: "The New England operatives demand sufficient wages to cover their higher costs of living which are estimated at $7.80 per operative per week more than that of the Southern operatives."

The first glance at a Southern mill village gives some supporting evidence to the claim that the cost of living for Southern mill workers is much lower than for Northern workers. The rents in the mill village are amazingly cheap, and nearly all the workers live in company houses. In many of these houses, the tenants receive electric light and water without charge. We have slept in good rooms and eaten good meals at company boarding houses which charged only $5 a week for board and lodging. We found two villages in North Carolina and Georgia in which the houses were given to the workers rent free. The most expensive company houses that came under our observation rented for seventy-five cents per room per week and contained a bathroom. The general average rent of mill village houses is twenty-five cents per room per week.

This cheap rent, however, does not compensate the Southern worker for reduced wages. It does not even outbalance other factors in the cost of living. In comparing living costs in North and South, it should be remembered that many Northern mills also have villages with reduced rents. The National Industrial Conference Board in 1919-20 made a comparison of the cost of living in four typical mill centers which effectively refutes the Southern belief concerning the cost of living in mill villages. The board chose Fall River as representative of the North, and Charlotte, Greenville and Pelzer, South Carolina, as representative of the South. The board's figures indicated that, even in Pelzer, which is an isolated center typical of the lowest-cost villages, the standard family of man,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wife and three children needed $1,374.09 to maintain themselves at a minimum level of decency, while in Fall River such a family needed only $1,267.76. The board made due allowance for the cheap rent and free electric light of the Southern village, but it demonstrated that the warmer climate of the South does not mean an economical use of fuel and that proximity to the farms does not mean cheap food.

Southern mill owners spend more money on community welfare projects than Northern owners, but it is difficult to compare the private enterprises of the South with the municipal and private enterprises of the Northern mill center. In the North, the mill owner pays taxes for the support of public schools, parks, playgrounds and streets. In a Southern mill village, the owner frequently assumes these burdens as a piece of private philanthropy. Since he owns the whole village, there is no need to collect taxes from himself to build his own streets. His development of social welfare projects has been noteworthy, but his expenditures in that direction are small when compared to the great advantage in manufacturing costs which he gains by paying his workers low wages and working them long hours. His manufacturing costs are conservatively estimated at 14 percent less than those of his Northern competitor, when the difference in hours is taken into consideration, and about two-thirds of this advantage consists in lower labor costs.

Charles T. Main, past president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and his associate, Frank Gunby, presented at the last convention of their society an analysis of comparative manufacturing costs of Northern and Southern cotton mills, which shows how little the Southern owners' advantage is reduced by mill village expense. They estimated the extra cost of the Southern manufacturers' mill village over similar costs of Northern manufacturers at $1.13 per spindle per year. This is approximately one-eighth of the Southern manufacturer's wage bill, or about $1.54 per worker per week that the Northern manufacturer does not spend. Many of the Southern manufacturers make up for this extra weekly expenditure by their savings in labor costs over their Northern competitors in a single day of operation.

It should not be imagined, however, that the Northern manufacturer finds it impossible to make a profit in competition with the South. Lower labor costs are often outbalanced by more efficient management, energetic salesmanship and originality in design. Some New England cotton mills have continued to reap a rich harvest of dividends with the eight-hour day and the union scale of wages. This is especially true in the field of the manufacture of fine cotton goods, in which New England is still the outstanding leader.

While the cotton manufacturing industry has been a sick industry for three years, because of overproduction and the change of women's styles, it appears now to be approaching a state of convalescence. The newly organized Cotton Textile Institute, which includes the leading producers of North and South, should succeed in some rational planning of production on a national scale. Southern manufacturers are not threatened by foreign competition, since the high tariff excludes practically all goods which might compete with them. The increased demand for fabric tires almost nullifies the disappearance of the petticoat. Under the present circumstances, the presumption is overwhelming that the Southern mill owners can, if they wish, greatly reduce the working day without reducing wages and still maintain a strong competitive position in the industry. Or, stated in another way, they can substantially increase wages for the present working week and still enter the market with an advantage in manufacturing costs.

PAUL BLANSHARD.

(This is the first of two articles by Mr. Blanshard.)

The Bolshevist Boy Scouts

IT was a gala day when I visited the Dikanka school. There was an exhibition of embroidery—cross-stitch towels by the boys, dresses by the girls. There was chorus singing of "Beyond the Stone Mountains," "In the Meadows by the Birch Trees." Then a chant of the Revolution with the words: "Holy army of labor."

"Stop!" cried Natalie Alexandrovna. "Instead of 'holy' it should be 'battling'." And so they sang it. The children liked best the song that closed each verse with a shout of *Slava! Slava!* Glory! Glory! Followed the "Hopak" and "Snowstorm," danced to the thrumming of the *balalaikas*. Then out in the yard for a game of cat-and-mouse. The new *Volost* President and I took our turns, racing in and out of the wide circle, until at last the big American mouse fell into the paws of the little Ukrainian cat, to the shrieking joy of the children, and we were friends for life.

Next day I was merrily shaking hands with all my friends, until in one hand I met a sharp rebuff. It shot straight above the boy's head, and was rigidly held there, as he said: "With Young Leninists hand-shaking is abolished. It wastes time; it spreads disease."

Thus I met Panas, my first Young Leninist, or Pioneer, and next night was guided by him to their quarters in an old house beyond the church. To our knock on the door came a challenge:

"Who goes there? Friend of the workers and peasants—or enemy?"

"Friends! Let us enter!"

There was a scuffle of feet, voices mumbling, "I've lost the key!" "Oh, you ninny!" Then the door opened into a room dimly lit by a smoking lamp and a candle. On the walls were immense portraits of Lenin and the poet Schevchenko and,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in big Ukrainian letters, the "Laws of the Pioneers."

> A Pioneer is true to the business of the working class, and to the biddings of Ilyich.
>
> A Pioneer is younger brother to the *Komsomols* and Communists.
>
> A Pioneer does not smoke, drink or swear.
>
> A Pioneer is kind to useful animals—against grasshoppers, mice and prairie dogs he wages a merciless fight.
>
> A Pioneer studies hard. He who does not love books is no Pioneer at all.
>
> A Pioneer sits, stands and walks not bending over. Otherwise he will look like a bent, broken old man, and his heart will not work rightly.
>
> A Pioneer washes himself carefully, not forgetting his neck and ears. Remembering the teeth are friends of the stomach, he cleans them daily.

There were five more similar injunctions. They are not the standard Pioneer Laws, but a special version made by Ladyr, the leader, or *Vojak* as he is called. He was a stocky, swarthy, benign lad of sixteen, lost in an enormous overcoat inherited from a soldier and altered only by cutting off the sleeves at the elbows. His father was killed by the Whites, and he lived with his mother in a house which I might find by "going down the East Lane till you see a lopsided hut with a lopsided goat inside a lopsided fence—that's where we live!" There were no marks of poverty on his wit or imagination.

He led us to a seat behind a table, facing about sixty children, and the interrupted debate on washing the floors for the October holidays was resumed. In the boys' opinion that had "always been a woman's job."

"Yes," says *Vojak* Ladyr. "But it will not always be. The boys must not dodge the hard and dirty jobs. If they do they are not Pioneers."

Ten-year-old Luzenko takes up the cudgel for the girls. He holds that Pioneers should not be divided into boys and girls, but into the big and the little. The former should wash the floors, the latter gather leaves and weave garlands. So it was voted, and the club took up cases of discipline.

"Marfa Lisovik, you have been absent twice. What for?"

She hesitates, and finally blurts out: "I was afraid of the dark."

"Huh!" snorts Ladyr. "In foreign lands they put Pioneers in prisons and torture them, and our Pioneer is afraid of the dark!"

Marfa protests that prison has no terrors for her, but each night when she was about to set out for the club, *babushka* told her tales of Baba Yaga, so terrible that when she opened the door it put a shiver in her back. Cunning old *babushka!* Less resourceful, it seems, were other *babas* in keeping their children away from the club. The usual device was to take them to church. Such was the excuse given by two Pioneers. This provokes the *Vojak* to a lengthy discourse on religion. I learn that as long as children are economically dependent on parents, they must obey. If commanded to go to church, the Pioneer must go, but he should strive not to pray or cross himself, and, if possible, not light a candle before an ikon. In the same spirit, at weddings or christenings, if a Pioneer is offered a glass of *samogon* by his father, he may take it, but must strive not to drink it, but to pour it on the floor or out of the window.

It is evident that to *Vojak* Ladyr parents are thorns in the flesh. But he accepts them philosophically. None of the usual flippancy of youth in his treatment of them. Carefully he explains to the Pioneers how the elder generation have grown up in religion and drink and private property; that they are not to be blamed for their bad ideas, habits and prejudices, but to be treated with kindly tact. Humor them, don't antagonize them.

Not in vain his teachings, the fruit of it most apparent in my first Pioneer, Panas. To my question why hand-shaking was abolished, he explains that 200,000 Russians had died of typhus, 20,000 of whom must have gotten the germs by shaking hands.

I point out that, while in the papers there was a campaign against hand-shaking, and in Soviet offices there are signs against it, it goes on just the same, even amongst Communists and *Komsomols*.

"Yes," he replies. "But one must be patient with the elder generation. They won't change very much. They can't be cured. It is for Young Leninists to show the way." Critical but tolerant.

Follows now the administration of the oath to a new Pioneer. The *Vojak* has none of the paraphernalia of the city Pioneers—no whistle or drums, or red kerchiefs—only the salute, the five fingers of the right hand close clasped together, raised above the head. The fingers are the five continents where there are oppressed, for whose freedom fights the Pioneer. Held above the head to show that their interests are higher than all.

The candidate now repeats the oath: "I give my promise and strengthen it with my solemn word that I will be true to the toilers, will toil hard myself, follow the commandments of Ilyich, the laws and customs of the Pioneers."

"You are now a Pioneer in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. In the fight for the toilers be ready!" declares the *Vojak* impressively.

"Always ready!" replies the boy. Hard for a bashful boy to be so long the focus of all eyes. In the happy relief from the strain he shoves his hands into his pockets.

"He violates Law Eight!" pipes up a boy. The *Vojak* confirms the young constitutionalist, quoting: "A Pioneer putting his hands into his pockets is not *always ready*."

Now the Political Lottery. Orator Luzenko and another favorite are elected judges, and take their places on the bench beside the *Vojak*. Five pencil stubs are produced, and go scribbling on paper held on walls, knees and neighbor's backs. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slips are rolled, put into a hat and shaken up. Each Pioneer in turn draws one out.

"Well, let's see what question you've got?" says the *Vojak* to the boy in the front row, and taking the slip he reads:

"What did the October Revolution give the people?"

"Land, factories and freedom," comes the glib response.

"What is Communism?"

"A society where there will be no war, no rich and poor, but all free toilers," just as glibly.

"What class does a Pioneer never help?"

"Those who exploit the toil of others—rich, bandits and *nepmen*."

These are easy questions, studied in the club over and over again. Nearly every Pioneer knows the answers to them by heart.

"Who was Comrade Lib—nit?" mumbles a girl reading her own slip.

"Liebknecht," corrects Ladyr, "who was he?"

"I don't know," falters the girl.

"Judges, judges! Write her down!" cry several voices with satisfaction, and the judges solemnly reply, "She is written!" Another gets written down because he confuses Bakunin and Bucharin. The questions: "Whom should one obey—father or mother?" "Which is better—an ox or a horse?" are ruled out as non-political. Other questions: "Where was Schevchenko born?" "Who was Kerensky?" And finally, taking a slip from a little girl, the *Vojak* reads, "Who is Ladyr?"

Great joy, the audience breaking into wild peals of childish laughter, when the little girl stammers:

"Why, it's you!"

More joy when Judge Magas, himself unable to tell when Lenin was born, has to write himself down. Merriest of all when the *Vojak* attempts to tell "What is specialization?" One way, then another, he wrestles with it, and finally gives it up, saying it is in his head all right, but he can't explain it. The merciless judges write him down.

At last the questions are finished. The names of the "written down" are read and the offenders are summoned before the High Court of the Political Lottery. "Pioneer Kalnik!" says Judge Panas sternly. "You didn't know the answer, you must therefore recite a verse."

"No, no!" cry several voices. "Make him sing!"

"Pioneers!" interrupts Ladyr. "You chose the judges. Let them determine the punishments."

The culprit recites a verse from Schevchenko.

"Pioneer Drooshko, a riddle! What is it that has no eyes, but shows the way to others—has no brains, but knows how to count?"

"It is the sign-post marking the *versts*."

"Next riddle! What has forty coats—none of them ever buttoned?"

"A cabbage!"

Another defaulter dances the "Hopak." Then the judges make up a chorus of several of the "written down." Among their songs is a ditty of the New Year masqueraders, full of dire threats to houses which do not give them gifts.

> If you do not give me eggs,
> I will break your chickens' legs!

The *Vojak* protests that these words violate Law Four. Pioneers should be kind to animals and not break their legs. Moreover the chickens might belong to a poor peasant, and even if they belonged to a *kulak*, Pioneers must never proceed by acts of individual violence.

On the whole, the *Vojak* is well satisfied with the Political Lottery. Another night it goes wrong, and he orders a trial. For judges, five children are chosen. The defender is young orator Luzenko. Ladyr himself is prosecutor. He begins:

"We need discipline, Comrade Pioneers! Some members act as if they were not in a club, but a bazaar, and go chattering like *babas* at a village well. Then there are irrelevant questions. For instance, 'Who were the gladiators?' Probably the author of this has just read a book about them and wants to make boast of it. Before such a question is given it should be studied. The worst social criminals are the prompters. They often prompt the wrong answers. I ask the judges to rule that every prompter and everyone prompted be excluded from the club for two nights. That their names be written down on the blackboard and, for three offenses, declared members of the counter-Revolution and excluded altogether."

The defender makes no attempt to ward off the prosecutor's attack on Pioneers' discipline and the character of questions. He declares that "His accusations against promptings are unfundamental. Let him say who were prompters and who were prompted. Besides, if a Pioneer knows the answer, it is hard not to whisper it, and the Pioneer who doesn't know the answer will know if he is prompted a little. The demands of the prosecutor are too hard, and I ask the judges to refuse them."

"Judges!" shouts the prosecutor, "the defender doesn't know the first principles of Communism. I tell you prompting is never right. No one ever prompted Lenin, and no one who follows him will depend on somebody else's brains—but on his own. My demands are just and I confirm them!"

The trial closes with the *Vojak* in great indignation. The judges go out into the corridor to confer. In a half-hour they return with the verdict:

"In order that the work shall pass more organizedly the High Court of the Political Lottery declares that: (1) Pioneers must behave themselves more in conformity with the principles of Communism. (2) Questions must be based only on the subjects studied. Songs, verses and riddles must be learned in advance. (3) Prompters and prompted shall be declared renegade Pioneers in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics and before the working class of the whole world."

ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Orleans

The Nordic Goes Semi-Native

WHEN that city seemed on the brink of extinction, not many months since, men and women around the world stood up and said, No. A thousand other towns might go under the water and they would not even turn to page nineteen to read the list of names; but this one—this one *must* be saved. It was their way of testifying that there is actually a meaning to the myth of New Orleans' charm.

Far too much has been heard about that charm. As no cataract could be so stupendous as those who have not seen it suppose Niagara to be, so a city as entrancing as New Orleans is reputed would be unendurable. No bags of coffee could be counted there, or sidewalks swept; not even Mussolini could make its trains run on time. The true charm behind the myth is not something you can come upon, put into the scales and appraise at once at its true worth. It does not stun you with a blow, like the glory of the bay of Naples, or chloroform you like the Grand Canyon. It steals upon you as quietly as the scent of oranges being crushed in a room two doors down the hall. You begin to perceive it long after the waning of your first impression, which is of Ford-clogged streets, newsboys bellowing in Magyar, high-priced musty taxi-cabs and misogynist hotel clerks who care far more for the duco finish on their hair than they do whether you can breathe and wriggle in your eight-dollar cubicle.

A sadness lurks in the background of this city, you gradually discover: It is a place which has a bloody history of man's inhumanity to strangers. With cruelty, it has thrice been conquered and all its dearest loyalties trampled under alien boots. In the interstices of this dismal history, white men have been cruel to black, and yellow fever and the other plagues have been cruel to all. The history of the city reads like one long St. Bartholomew's Day of the spirit. It was so crushed and beggared by the Civil War that only the present generation has at last come out from behind the proud bare shutters, where crusts were eaten by candle light, at glorious mahogany which must have seemed, to many who sat there, as dark and shining as moonlight on a pool of blood. . . .

The old cultures have been battered but not obliterated. They persist, strangely altered but recognizable. Today the city is ruled by brisk Anglo-Saxons with push-buttons and dictaphones; yet even these must wear the heritage of the past, an invisible and reluctant cloak. Do what they will, climate and uncrushable tradition work a change in them. They would be more at home in Buenos Ayres than Chicago; the mean temperature of New Orleans (and how mean it is!) slows the frantic pace of their hyper-thyroidism to a jog; while many of their sons and nephews (degenerate, unquestionably, in the eyes of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States) are content to sit cloistered in a patio amid the magnolia blossoms, where the tinkle of the fountain is echoed by the clink of ice in a tall glass, there to watch the world go drowsing past in the humid amber sunshine.

All this is not to say that New Orleans is, on the whole, decadent. It is distinctly part of the New South, and is on the make, like all of Dixie. The Mississippi, tamed again after its burst of rage, and only snarling in its throat beneath the snap of the hydraulic engineer's whip, is to carry huge standardized steel barges, about as beautiful as piano crates, which will go shuttling back and forth, exchanging tropical bananas and mahogany for Northern wheat and hams. As a detour at the warm end of Main Street, the city is breaking out in a rash of winter hotels, where Papa and Mamma from Oskaloosa, after having a cheap supper and worth it, at the cafeteria next door, will sit and discuss the blizzard up home. Similar caravanserai all along the Gulf Coast to Mobile and Pensacola are being built with Northern capital, within the periphery of New Orleans' influence. In them, golden-haired wives of Detroit bootleggers will spend the winter having permanent waves and reading Screen Classic. The city's back country, more water than land, where Cajuns shout in patois to one another as they race in their glossy motorboats through the dark bayous pennanted in moss, supplies incredible quantities of furs (to say nothing of incredible qualities of fire-water). The cotton from a vast area hitches down to New Orleans in freight cars, slides into the holds of fat, black steamers and chugs away to Manchester. The Louisiana Sugar Bowl produces sugar, when the Mississippi will let it. New Orleans is growing—not in a geometric ratio like Los Angeles or Detroit, but it does grow. It has congested traffic now, and it yearns, through its representative business men, for more.

Even a disaster like the flood is not without its platinum lining—especially since the plug was pulled at Poydras and the Cajuns down below took the torrent which would otherwise have raged ten feet deep in Canal Street. The millions of dollars which are being spent for relief and restoration, for supplies and labor, are passing through the sticky fingers of her bankers. Decidedly, the city is today no mendicant, wearing her famous quality of charm as a beggar's tattered cloak. That charm is, on the contrary, the ostrich fan of the banker's daughter, with money in her purse.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When the professional enthusiasts talk of delightful old New Orleans, it is not the city in its entirety which they embrace. There are long stretches which are dreary enough, with California bungalows at their worst, Fords, radio antennæ and a rash of signs demanding Ice Today. Their hearts are set on the "Vieux Carré," a minute section ten squares by seven, composed of little ancient French houses, set flush upon the narrow paved streets. They have balconies, bound with the loveliest lace-like handwrought iron; interior gardens (with slave quarters sometimes still remaining at the back); stone-lined passageways from street to garden, through which, in the brave old days, a coach and four would go clattering when the little Creole ladies fared forth to the Mardi Gras balls. Nearly all of these houses are beautiful, with the beauty which grows from simple-hearted craftsmanship, making things for use and not for "ornament."

There was a dreadful period, many years long, during which hustling modern New Orleans despised the Vieux Carré, its greatest treasure. Only within two decades has the city discovered that the district is lovely and is worth preserving for business if for no other reasons. Indeed, it was not long ago that a gang of silk-hatted wretches razed an entire block, completing their vandalism by substituting an ice-cream brick of a public building. Today, the district has been made fashionable, and is, therefore, presumably safe from being improved out of existence. The rents of the quaint garrets, where artists have been wont to hide themselves away to work, have risen until no artist can afford them. Shops for antique furniture abound; tea rooms multiply by fission. The district is, in short, going Greenwich Village. But it will always be a marvelous place for a stroll.

In the Vieux Carré are to be found some of the best of the famous old French restaurants which more than justify New Orleans' boast to give the best food on the continent (at prices, I may add, which are about one-third the New York tariff for the same quality). The chef is the owner, or at least, his name is above the door, and often, the name as well of the master under whom, years ago, he learned his art. I do not propose to be sidetracked into a pæan; let me merely say that, if you eat enough of it, this marvelous food will certainly kill you; and that I unhesitatingly recommend such a death.

New Orleans feels about prohibition as you would imagine. I will not say that this community is the wettest town in the United States; I will content myself by saying that I do not see how it could very well be any wetter. But alas! the wines of France, without which the dinners served in these temples of cuisine are lamentably incomplete, are unobtainable. The wine which is to be had is inferior and corrosive stuff; and I report with tears that, except for the habitual consumption of an excellent quality of absinthe, New Orleans, like the rest of the United States, is drinking gin and whiskey. These are not very difficult to obtain. One method is to walk into any of the numerous speakeasies and ask for them; and another is to wait until the bell-boy in your hotel—or almost anybody else you meet—presses them upon you.

New Orleans is hedonist by tradition, by present-day contact with the Latin, and by climate. Not only good food and good drink, but all the other wicked pleasures of the flesh are there pursued with vivacity and sophistication. No American town is more completely absorbed in race-track gambling, not only at the local park, but in every other city where ponies and telegraph wires run. Faro, roulette, chemin de fer, poker and similar Satanic devices for altering your financial status are not at all difficult to find. Lottery tickets are dispensed both to Negroes and whites. The old "red-light district" has been destroyed—in theory; but in fact, there is still a small section of the city almost entirely devoted to the melancholy daughters of joy —two adjacent sections, in fact, white and black.

The old gay misbehavior of New Orleans has been attacked of late by a new menace. The city has always smiled tolerantly at efforts to reform it, emanating from nearby zealots of the Bible belt; but now a more serious assault is in progress. The new money which has been poured into New Orleans in the past year or two in such profusion is Yankee money from Chicago; and those who have brought it care not the feeblest of whoops for the traditions and customs of the city, if these traditions and customs affect their investment. So we see the spectacle, a melancholy one from the point of view of the local Bacchante, of merchants trying to get gambling houses abolished because they divert money from the legitimate channels of trade. Talk is heard of cleaning up the town so that the old lady from Dubuque and all her nieces may find it a winter resort more to their liking. Those who support their effort would never understand anyone who opposed it except from the lowest motives; and in their complacency they are likely to prove irresistible.

The town has not been immune from the luncheon club disease. It has representatives of all the well known brands; and only a slight languor in the sound of their songs, rising from the Persian room of the best hotel, differentiates them from luncheon clubs elsewhere. When Mr. Babbitt appears in New Orleans, he brings his folk-ways with him. It was one of his tribe who, not long ago, as local dealer for a well known automobile, did a little advertising on his own account. He started to plaster the city with posters, and was amazed and hurt when the home office ordered him to desist. His effort, thus suppressed, was both simple and brief. Its text read:

THE M——: GOD'S CAR

To most Americans, New Orleans is synonymous with Mardi Gras. Everyone knows, from the news

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reels if not otherwise, of the street parades with their elaborate and often beautiful floats; of the crowning of Rex and his consort; of the gay masqueraders, who wander over the town in that truly impromptu spirit of fun, which is so foreign to the American temperament in general. The hotel men can assure you, patting their bank books, of the number of persons who come to New Orleans at Mardi Gras time. It would not be surprising to learn that the great holiday had become merely a shopkeepers' device to lure money out of people's pockets; but such is not the case. Mardi Gras really means something; probably not as much as the enthusiastic local resident insists, but still something. It is no inconsiderable achievement to bring together large numbers of persons, working to create something which is evanescent and beautiful, and can only be enjoyed by forgetting, for the moment at least, all the lessons of the Puritans. I like the thought of the secret societies with their solemn, absurd mythological names, spending months of time and many thousands of dollars that their share in the enterprise may be as handsome as possible. I like the foolish ritual of the balls, to which young women are invited anonymously, and summoned to the floor by an impersonal announcer, there to dance with the awesome masked members of the club, whose identity is still unrevealed (unless their partners can guess, as what girl can't!). On the whole, an innocent, gay and desirable revel. There is a great deal of drinking; there is some casual love-making; but, at its worst (if you choose to say "worst"), it is not one-tenth as serious as similar revels in a truly Latin country, or as the Maypole festivities of the English countryside *circa* 1840. It is not without significance that there is a Negro Mardi Gras, and that the two go on side by side in good nature and acquiescence.

New Orleans looks South. In the back rooms of its restaurants are still hatched the revolutions of all Latin America. Through its harbor pass most of this country's imports of bananas, coffee, mahogany, tropical oils. Many of its leading citizens have been enriched by trade with the Southern hemisphere. Prophecies of future greatness for the city are largely based on the probable great expansion of our trade with the countries between the Rio Grande and Tierra del Fuego. Not all of this interest is commercial. While the New Orleanians show no more concern than the rest of this country in the present-day Latin culture as such, some attention is given to historical and scientific questions. At Tulane University, for example, some fine work is being done in studying both the remains of the Maya civilization and contemporary Central American Indian life. I like the story of the conquest of Guatemala. The government of that country was reluctant to let the University expedition get back into the jungle; so some shrewd strategist sent down the glee club and orchestra, to sing and play American jazz for the enraptured officials. Now, Guatemala is just a suburb of the Tulane campus.

The intellectual life of New Orleans suffers the same blight found in most other American cities. Nearly all its young people of outstanding ability, in the arts or otherwise, go to New York as soon as they can; if they "make good," they rarely come back except for brief visits. New Orleans is as movie-mad as every town; its cinemas are packed all day long, and its new ones, at least, show the customary bad films in the customary lovely surroundings. Theatrically, the city is just part of "the road"; it gets the same No. 3 companies and bad vaudeville that are on view in Atlanta or Spokane or Birmingham. Its Spanish-French heritage appears in a real love of good music; it is perhaps the only city except New York where men go to the opera voluntarily. Yet, when the beautiful old French opera house burned, some years since, no effort was made to replace it until a few months ago, when plans were started for one of those enormous municipal auditoriums which are springing up all over America today, chiefly as convention-bait.

As in 400 other communities, New Orleans' artistic life has been enriched in recent years by a Little Theater movement, part of the Greenwich Villageism which has made the Vieux Carré the center of something like a cultural renaissance. Like most little theaters, this one is under smart social auspices, has more money than art, and means exactly nothing to the average street-car citizen.

The New Orleans colony of painters is unusually large, and unusually good. But it *is* a colony, its members struggling under the handicap of morbid self-consciousness which afflicts the artist in a society dominated by business men and business ideals. Architecture today shows few signs of being influenced by the example of beauty and utility in the Vieux Carré. The right thing, for the wealthy New Orleanian, is a mild imitation of Coral Gables and Beverly Hills.

It is as difficult as dangerous to predict New Orleans' future. At present, the city seems to be moving away from all the things which have endeared it in the past; it would like to be the Detroit of the South, rather than the Vienna of prohibition America. If we should at some time break the grip of our standardized civilization and see a recrudescence of regional culture, New Orleans will be a center unique and important, like Santa Fe, San Francisco and (I'm not joking) Chicago. At present, Mr. Babbitt is having his way; and nothing can stop him. But the climate will get him at last; he may continue to plot sales curves and attend Rotary lunches—but he will do so with vine leaves in his hair.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

(This is the fifth of a series of articles by various writers discussing interesting American cities.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Notes

THE more I ponder over the plight in which the noble Calvin left some of his most devoted followers by the nature of his announcement of withdrawal, the more my pity is aroused. I do not mean that I sympathize so much with the office-holders and patronage dispensers, who have for five years played close to the White House and have been "sitting pretty" for their own personal political purposes. While it is a tough break for them, after all, they are in the game for what they get out of it and must expect their ups and downs. It is rather for the journalistic devotees of Mr. Coolidge that my heart aches. No man ever had a more worshipful support from the press than he. No man ever "ran out" on it with less warning or consideration. For months, while he tightened his grip on the renomination and was in full pursuit of a third term, he let them commit themselves, one by one, deeply and irretrievably, let them brush all other aspirants aside, let them allege that the country and the party would be hopelessly mired unless their little hero was kept in the White House after 1928. And then, frightened by a few direct attacks and defections, the impending anti-third-term resolution and a series of editorial warnings from Republican papers not listed under the head of "organs," he scuttled off in such ambiguous or amphibious fashion as to leave the less alert among his retainers uncertain whether he had taken to the woods or was merely swimming under water.

It has been interesting to see the way in which the various publicity agents and agencies, thus left flat, have handled the unpleasant predicament into which they were plunged. As I pointed out here some time ago, the Hearst papers, either sensing the situation or having previous information, got out from under before the thing happened. In a way, Mr. Hearst brought it on. At least he helped. Certainly he was the only pro-Coolidge publisher who forecast a Coolidge withdrawal, and he did so despite the fact that in all his papers, for a year or longer, Brother Brisbane had led the "second elective term" chorus. What the Hearst papers have done since has been intelligently to accept the Coolidge statement as final. What Brother Brisbane has done is simply and serenely to forget he had ever been the enthusiastic prophet of a renominated and reëlected Calvin in 1928. These little things never strain Brother Brisbane.

The Curtis publications, morning, evening, Sunday and weekly, at first made very heavy weather of it. They lamented and they deplored. They sobbed and shivered with emotion, but they appear now to have accepted the bitter fact, and neither editorially nor in their profound political correspondence do they dwell on the drafting of the President. On the contrary, I noted the other day a suggestion, made by one of their most distinguished writers, that after he left the White House Mr. Coolidge might run for the Senate in Massachusetts—not next year, of course, but in 1930, when Senator Frederick H. Gillett will be ripe enough to drop off the political tree to which he has tenaciously clung for some thirty or forty years.

I do not mean to class the New York Times among the Coolidge organs, and it certainly never went the length of committing itself to the renomination movement. Yet it is true that not even the recognized organs have done more to inculcate in the reading public the idea that Mr. Coolidge possesses qualities that he lacks than that great journal. Since his withdrawal, however, the Times has with dignity and force credited him with a sincerity the office-holders refuse to concede, has pointed out that he could not be drafted without encouraging the movement, has even ridiculed the revered Mr. Hughes' expressed opinion that he would be renominated anyhow, taking the ground that this could not possibly come about save through an "arrangement" smelling of trickery, which would leave Mr. Coolidge in a very bad position indeed for a high-minded man. Which is certainly true.

Such sound reasoning, however, seems beyond the powers of the syndicate publicists in Washington who have basked in the White House sunshine and tramped the decks of the Mayflower. These have been all but hysterical in their protests. They have flitted from one foolish suggestion to the other. The silliest of these was that, to spike the third-term objection, Mr. Coolidge would agree, if elected in 1928, to resign at the expiration of his eighth year of continued occupancy. They have finally taken up an embattled position behind the august Mr. Mellon, who, it is argued, representing the business interests of the country, because of the effect on prosperity, will not permit Mr. Coolidge to retire. They die hard—these fellows.

Most pitiful of all is the poor old New York Herald Tribune, that stolid and steadfast sheet, whose ability to swallow without a gulp the hugest and most preposterous pieces of Coolidge propaganda is a journalistic marvel, and whose Coolidge commitments were deeper than any other. Shutting its eyes and gritting its teeth, it refuses to let go, back-track, give in or turn around.

Regardless of his wishes, regardless of the position it would put the party in, regardless of everything, it declares that Mr. Coolidge must, shall and will be renominated. Perhaps the Herald Tribune is right. Perhaps it will have the laugh on all of us. Perhaps its unwavering, unshakable, unflinching faith will be justified, its fervent, feverish prayers answered. Perhaps a President of the United States can publicly pretend to bow to the anti-third-term tradition and then secure renomination by secretly permitting forces to proceed which he could stop with a word. Perhaps the Republican party's prospects are so poor and its available material so scarce that it will be compelled to play that sort of game with Mr. Coolidge. Perhaps the American people, who fall for a lot, would fall for that. Perhaps a game of that sort can be pulled off, but I doubt it. It may be pretty hard on the Herald Tribune, but the thing just can't be done. In addition to the third-term issue, tack on to their candidate the guilty appearance of having deliberately thrown out a smoke screen designed to obscure the operating machinery and fool the people, and for the first time it may begin to be possible to elect a Democrat. No, no, friends, they will never get Calvin in any such jam as that. He will make it all clear to them—even the Herald Tribune—by and by.

Washington. T. R. B.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First Ballyhoo and Dickens

"Burlesque," by George Manker Watters and Arthur Hopkins. Plymouth Theater, September 1, 1927.
"Pickwick," by Cosmo Hamilton and Frank C. Reilly. Empire Theater, September 5, 1927.

THE first prophecies of the season have gone to "Burlesque" at the Plymouth. There are many people who speak of it as akin to "Broadway," and have predicted the same success for it. But, however like in its melodrama, depth of content and theater machinery "Burlesque" may be to "Broadway," anyone might know that under the direction of Mr. Arthur Hopkins the new production would be a long way off from the old.

In the difference between these two occasions appear many of Mr. Hopkins' qualities as a director. He has been one of the marked and heartening figures in our theater, has been the means by which some of our most remarkable dramatic writing, acting, decor and general production have come to be. At the best and most profound moments of all these, plays, artists, players, scenes, he has been at his best. For their more general or casual or technical demands he has been less adequate, sometimes their ruin.

"Broadway" is a melodrama pure and simple, never profound, never important, never moving in any real sense, though often exciting. Its excellence consists in its technical security, an admirable craft on a light but consistent level. It never goes deep, but never goes flat either. It is hard, bright, tricky, amiable. In sum, it is a very good play, if you don't particularly mind what you say. And best of all, it is directed from start to finish with this same consistency. It rattles along with its spanking stage business, and if it gets nowhere, it is at least bright and animated within its own circle.

"Burlesque" tells the story of two strollers on the road with the "Parisian Widows." Skid is a notable comic; Ponny, his wife, wants him to play New York, where a future awaits him. For these six years she has had to watch him like a mother, what with his poker and drink and wandering ways, but she has been happy. He does not want to go to New York, not without her. They get him discharged from the company and pack him off. Meantime a Western adorer appears, honorable, of course; he knows how good Bonny is. The next act is in a New York hotel. Bonny has come to town with the ranchman, she is going to stay on the ranch with him and his sister till the final papers are drawn for her divorce —Skid has been guilty of all the sins since he left her. Old friends return and with them Skid, who is now a Broadway favorite. He brings the drinks with him. There is singing and dancing, old times come to life again. Then the ranchman returns, Skid, sick at heart in his own way, it seems a light, uncertain, skipping heart indeed, congratulates the pair, but objects to their solemnity, he jazzes the wedding march, and the curtain falls on his exit dancing, on Bonny's hysterical cry, on the ranchman's protecting anger.

We see then the old stage manager with his new show. Skid has drunk himself out of Dillingham's patience and has been given a place in the road show. The manager has telegraphed for Bonny to come. Skid cannot even be found. And then he is found, exhausted, down and out. Bonny promises that he will be on hand when the curtain rises. We have then samples of the show, choruses, dances, songs, a number with Skid before a judge, and then finally his dance with Bonny in front of the curtain; they are together again.

You cannot but notice, in passing, how old and *bona fide* the piece is at bottom, what virtues are displayed, what a soft bosom Mother Life has if you will only wait till the last act. The town turns from its imported arts, from its crime pieces, its pseudo-Ibsenian, modern-thought serious dramas, and relapses into sentiment, sentiment that is freshened for up-to-date consumption, but is gentle and obliging. "Burlesque" is a lovable, uneven play, often prettily written, sometimes genuinely touching. The last act drags sadly, but the short little scene at the very end, between Bonny and Skid, is perfect.

To return to Mr. Hopkins' special side of "Burlesque," his directing, not his co-authorship, the scenes where there are but two people involved, or two small groups, go admirably. The scenes where the girls come into the dressing-room or where we see the quarrels and theater atmospherics, in that first act, are no good at all. But they are not so bad perhaps as the groups later on, those chorus people all over the stage. There is no reality of any kind in these parts of "Burlesque." In the rest there is an emotional reality, a conviction, that cuts under the slightness of the play itself and takes us.

This is all most curiously characteristic of Mr. Hopkins. In the theater of literal illusion, especially in crowds or perfunctory stage scenes, he has no technical skill, the effect is strangely amateurish and without even the ordinary claptrap fire and snap that common stages present. If these choruses in the last act are supposed to be bad, road-show bad, he has not been able to make that clear or contributory to the dramatic point. If they are not supposed to be bad, he has left them so. In so far as the people in them have any life, character or the appeal of back-stage oddity, romance or flavor, he has missed everything.

The directing in the serious parts of the play shows, even in so slight a piece, that clarity and elimination and belief in the poetry of feeling, and that power to simplify and concentrate the dramatic burden of the scene, that have always appeared in Mr. Hopkins' directing and have given him his distinct place in the theater.

Miss Barbara Stanwyck's playing was like the directing. In perfunctory moments or moments that served the needs of the entertainment rather than expressed the heart of the character, she was quite unconvincing, nor did the clothes she wore in the first act or the visual scene seem to convince you of any actuality. But when her feeling was stirred or a dramatic crisis was to be conveyed, Miss Stanwyck played with such sincerity and pathos as carried her easily through the less successful remainder of her performance.

Mr. Hal Skelly gave one of those realistic performances in which you never detect a flaw, and which, however much craft and competence in dancing, stage tricks and so on go into it, seems to be naturalness itself all through.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of the "Pickwick" at the Empire there is little to say but that, for Dickens lovers, the whole evening must provide a remarkable sense of *con amore;* the pains with which the sketches are drawn, the comicalities and humors of character sought, and the book ransacked for possible dramatic scenes, cannot be too much praised. The evening seemed to me for the most part charming and remote. I was struck continuously with the richness of texture the lines afforded as compared with much of our present-day stage humor, and at the same time with the degree of evasion and of agreeable rosy treacle with which everything was treated. Most of all, the robust canvas of Dickens' genius was impressive.

But if the whole entertainment were otherwise poor, which it is not, we could go to "Pickwick" to see Mr. John Cumberland's portrait. For delicate, secure treatment and for the character playing in all its parts, it could not be better.

STARK YOUNG.

The Old Disbeliever

What sovereignty is, and from whence its true birth,
Oh, Paine! 'twas thy pen that defin'd,
And show'd that no right is divine on this earth,
But the glorious "Rights of Mankind."
When dark Superstition and Prejudice cease
To trammel the mind with their chain,
Amid an elysium of joy and of peace
Blest man shall be grateful to Paine.

—*The Correspondent (1827-29).*

IT does not seem to me that our heretics have been particularly happy in their biographers. Mr. Rogers' Ingersoll was all in the flat, a line drawing made by a child the day he found out that his father was not really God. And Miss Best's carefully worked out case for Thomas Paine ("Thomas Paine: Prophet and Martyr of Democracy," by Mary Agnes Best; Harcourt, Brace and Company) is marred by over-insistence. It is, as she suggests, the reverse of the now stupidly common method of "snatching laurels," but it has the same demerits; it is hardly critical.

The outline of Paine's facts is not to be challenged: he was one of the men who helped to create this country, and this country was churlish with him during his life and has been less than grateful since. Miss Best believes that the omission of Paine's name from the roster of schoolboy's heroes is due to his frank attacks upon established religion. She underestimates the political passions of the time; Paine was on the side of the levellers, against the proprietors, in the long war which lasted from the surrender at Yorktown to the era of good feeling. He was Jefferson's friend in the ascendancy of Washington and Hamilton; he was the friend of the French revolutionaries at a moment when all right-thinking men thought that revolutions properly came to an end with the inauguration of Washington. When the radical infidel Jefferson became President, Paine was invited to come home, and he and Jefferson were seen arm-in-arm, to the horror of Federalists and old believers. In France, Paine was one of the members of the Constitutional Convention, and was later persecuted because he opposed the execution of the King—he was persecuted, that is, for political reasons, by men to whom established religion was largely a joke; in England, his blasphemy was a pretext—he was prosecuted by the Crown because he attacked the Crown. The American case was similar.

Miss Best does not follow the course of Paine's reputation after his death. The verses quoted above are from a song written for the Dover (New Hampshire) Free Press Association; the date indicates that at the time of the revivals of Finney and Nettleton—that is, a generation after the great Methodist revivals which established the camp-meeting in America—the name of Paine was being put forth as the champion of free-thinking, against organized religion. There had been no great infidel since, and the names of Voltaire, Volney and Paine recur as a sort of terrible trinity in all the declamations against infidelism of that period. For ten years revivalism passed over the country like a forest fire—it is the revivalists' own figure; religious excitement was intense and broke out into strange and violent practice; the character of evangelizing churches and of heretical sects was determined during that decade, and in the same period reputations became fixed. It was Paine's fate to be the arch-enemy.

This will hardly exonerate Theodore Roosevelt's ungenerous error in calling Paine a "filthy little atheist." Miss Best soberly proves that Paine was clean, well built, and a Deist, without ever indicating that, to the churchman of Paine's time and after, a Deist was much more of a danger than an atheist. Finney is very clear on the point; he could break down the atheist, but the Universalist and the Deist had chosen a path which led irremediably to perdition. To call Debs an anarchist was equally ludicrous, but to uninstructed reactionaries the term anarchist included every opponent of the standing order. It is only a little shocking to have the stupidity repeated after a century.

Five years ago, I should have said that the mistakes of Moses and the calumnies of the Bible were entirely academic questions. Today, in the face of Fundamentalism, the need for Paines and Ingersolls is great; I recognize this and still feel that their infidelism is in the second order of importance. They mark the struggle between intelligence and benighted superstition; it is a war in which victories can be won. But the conflict which interests me more is that which is eternally going on between opponents who are equally enlightened and in which there seem to be not victories, but pauses. It is perhaps demonstrable that no apples ever grew in the Garden of Eden; but that conclusion will only shift the debate on determinism and damnation to new ground, as phrenology, evolution, Christian Science, and psychoanalysis have, in turn, shifted it from the simple ground upon which Jonathan Edwards attacked the problem. The debate continues to be interesting long after the myth has vanished.

In the struggle for political liberty Paine is a much more significant figure, but his temperament and his luck compelled him to be for ever a rebel. It was a good work, and he did it nobly; wherever liberty was not, there was his country; he hated all oppression; he is one of the few men who seem really to have loved justice. Yet, while I find myself raging at the injustice of Ambassador Morris, who let Paine rot in a French jail, I cannot think of Paine as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a great man or a great soul. Perhaps the most admirable thing about him was his sense of easy citizenship in the world; it made him a patriot in America, a traitor in England, and a man without a country when the French, who had conferred citizenship upon him as an honor, withdrew their friendship; yet to him it was all natural, he did not break through barriers, but ignored them. I wonder what would have happened, in both France and America, if the Chamber of Deputies had conferred French citizenship upon Lindbergh; military service there, I suppose, and repudiation here.

In part, the depression I feel in reflecting on Paine's life is due to precisely this sense of the futility of his effort. His three great endeavors were all frustrated: Common Sense, The Rights of Man, The Age of Reason, end in Poincaré-*la-guerre,* in normalcy, and in fundamentalism. Obviously, in a decade these may vanish—and Paine's work will be crowned by Caillaux, Al Smith, and Ethical Culture. To Paine and to libertarians generally, this will appear as progress, especially if they are fortunate enough to die before the slow pendulum begins its backward swing.

GILBERT SELDES.

CORRESPONDENCE

After-Thoughts

SIR: As one who believes that Sacco and Vanzetti were put to death without a "fair trial," may I enter protest against the treatment of this case in your columns? It is not that I feel you have indulged more freely in a partisan playing up of one-sided facts or have "corrected" your misstatements more inconspicuously than is characteristic of current journalism (see Vol. LII, p. 47). Rather it is because I hoped for something better than a mere indulgence in sympathy and sentiment over two individuals, however noble their characters may have been. I wish to protest because you have not made the most of this occasion to point out the thoroughly archaic and unscientific character of our institution of "criminal justice" instead of complacently assuming it, as you have done thus far. Beside this, the failure of Governor Fuller's committee to believe Sacco and Vanzetti (rather than Thayer) innocent until proven guilty is of minor consequence, and the suggestion that war-time hysteria and the persecution of aliens and sedition are new to us is a perversion of history to boot.

The significant fact is that we continue to maintain a governmental system for finding someone guilty of each crime and for wreaking vengeance upon him, instead of maintaining a governmental system for the prevention of crime and the therapeutic treatment of dangerous psychopathic cases. If what we seek is prevention of crime rather than vengeance, do we not need to give far more attention to the removal of social conditions under which the type of psychological abnormality that results in criminal action develops? A system of penalties and trial by jury, no matter how fair or how efficiently administered, is scarcely a substitute for sociological investigation and social legislation.

And, equally, do we not need to take the diagnosis and prescription for such pathological cases away from the judicial system and employ competent psychiatrists for this function? What have the contradictory identifications and alibis or the conflicting testimony of experts which characterize the Sacco-Vanzetti case—but certainly are not peculiar to it—to do with the proper treatment of those who are convicted of crime? Ought our present legalistic "criminal procedure" in any case do more than to compel a psychopathic person to submit to competent therapeutic treatment? Finally, if what we seek is cure rather than vengeance, should we not do far more in the way of general and vocational guidance and placement for those whom we "let out" of our institutions of "reform"?

MORRIS A. COPELAND.

Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.

SIR: In respect of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, your issue of September 7, with its editorial and the mind-picture by Shaemas O'Sheel, disappoints me. You say that the issue of the case must be kept alive (and I am ready to agree), but you do not seem to me to have passed on to the constructive action that is possible and healthy. This number of the New Republic seems to me to exhibit little more than an emotional catharsis of a sensed inferiority after defeat; and from such an attitude of hopelessness the personality of the New Republic needs to be rescued. I have three concrete therapeutic suggestions.

1. The main complaint is about Massachusetts justice. Very well. I should like first to see a bill of particular complaints. It will include the fact that a judge passes on his own prejudice and probably the fact that the Supreme Court does not pass upon questions of fact. Is there anything else? Next, I want to know the mechanism by which reform could be accomplished in Massachusetts. Finally, I want to know how exceptional Massachusetts is, and in how many of the forty-eight states procedure is similar, so that I can form a judgment of the magnitude of the present danger. Does Massachusetts stand alone, and are the United States, statistically speaking, in a position to be congratulated?

2. Many people have felt that this case furnishes adequate grounds for the agitation of the abolishment of capital punishment. The grounds, without the conclusion, have been presented excellently by Howard C. Forbes in a recent number of the Scientific Monthly. This argument is also statistical: The "truth" is relative and human nature is fallible. Reason is inadequate, for on important matters reasonable people can continue forever to disagree. Presumably, then, we must convict some unjustly and, with the benefit of many doubts given the accused, acquit even more unjustly, but can never finally know justice from injustice. "Truth," then, is temporary; should we, perhaps, abolish capital punishment so as to leave a revision of judgment to fit the changing "truth" always possible? Here is something for the New Republic to take up.

3. The third thing that I should like the New Republic to do is, I suppose, less likely to meet with a cordial reception, although I am sure that it would not be without therapeutic value for the New Republic. I should like to hear it discuss the entire psychology of this Sacco-Vanzetti controversy in which it has played so prominent a role. For one thing, I should like to hear what its opinion of its own fallibility is. Somehow, the New Republic has given me the impression that it has known the truth all along. Just now it has denied, it is true, certain knowledge of the guilt or innocence of these two men, but it still seems to me to be quite certain of the injustice of the execution. Not everybody of intelligence and sincerity agrees. I should like to have from the New Republic, not only a psychological analysis which accounts for the frame of mind that leads others to be, as it supposes, wrong, but also the corresponding analysis that leads the New Republic, when it gets off from itself in a judicial frame of mind, to be so sure that it is right. Or does it take the position that, like Judge Thayer, it cannot pass upon its own prejudice? I think you can see what troubles me. I want to know whether a journal of opinion in such a case as this is really trying to play the ideal role of judge or the role of counsel for one side with the "truth" left to a higher court, perhaps that of public opinion.

I think I have had about as much emotion personally about this case as the New Republic has had editorially, but I am not bothering with its futile expression. I want now to see what this case means in the way of future change, and, if the New

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Republic is going to show me, I also want, quite incidentally, a little more light on its psycho-philosophy of controversy.

EDWIN G. BORING.

Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

SIR: Will you permit a life-long Jeffersonian Democrat to say that Woodrow Wilson is undoubtedly the author of the tragedy at Boston? For did he not put Mitchell Palmer at the head of the Department of Justice? . . .

JOHN BASIL BARNHILL.

Canton, Pennsylvania.

SIR: Professor Tufts was quite right to censure you for permitting the statement to appear that witches were burned in Salem. As he says, young people should not be taught untruths. No witches were burned in Salem. Massachusetts must not be accused of that terrible crime. The witches were merely hanged, nineteen of them, and by order of the court, too. Their legal murder in 1692 was therefore no worse than the electrocution of Sacco and Vanzetti 235 years later by due process of law. Neither the witches nor the workers were proved guilty of the crimes charged. Massachusetts is consistent.

Professor Tufts' omission of the hangings in his resentment about the untrue burnings resembles President Lowell's failure to refer to the important alibi witnesses who established their accuracy before him, and the refusal of a new trial by the Massachusetts Supreme Court because "it is not imperative that a new trial be granted, even though the evidence is newly discovered and, if presented to a jury, would justify a different verdict."

To avoid criticism for barbarism, Massachusetts should civilize its own laws, permitting a court of appeal to review the facts as well as the law, designating an impartial judge to decide upon the prejudice of the trial judge, abolishing capital punishment and installing Public Defenders.

WILLIAM FLOYD.

New York City.

The Case of Mario Chiassone

SIR: There has come to my attention an editorial appearing in the August 10 issue of the New Republic, relative to the deportation of Mario Chiassone, containing criticism of the Secretary of Labor in connection with that deportation.

Even though the New Republic may not be in sympathy with the laws of the United States relating to the admission and expulsion of aliens, I am sure that its editors desire to present true statements of fact. I have, therefore, made an investigation of the case which you report, which shows clearly that in some manner the facts have been wilfully misstated.

Briefly, I will set forth the record which, aside from the warrant, contains three pages, consisting entirely of the statement made by Mr. Chiassone at the hearing granted him at Boston on December 6, 1926, to show cause why he should not be deported.

The warrant was issued on the grounds that "he is in the United States in violation of the Immigration Act of 1924, in that he is not in possession of an unexpired immigration visa; that he is in the United States in violation of the Act of February 5, 1917, in that he entered by water at a time or place other than as designated by immigration officials, and that he was a person likely to become a public charge at the time of his entry."

In the hearings he was advised that he was entitled to be represented by counsel, but he elected to proceed without such. He stated that he came to the United States as a member of the crew of an Italian freighter. He was asked the following specific question relative to his return to Italy: "Are you now wanted by the Italian authorities for any crime you might have committed?" Answer: "No."

The transcript of Chiassone's testimony was received in the Department on December 23, and on December 27 he was ordered deported, but inasmuch as he had arrived as a seaman, permission was granted him to depart voluntarily as a seaman, thus resuming the calling in which he was engaged at the time of arrival. No letters of any kind from any source supplemented the record in Chiassone's case. Neither he nor anyone for him entered any protest whatsoever against deportation, upon any grounds, either political or otherwise.

It seems to me that before attacking, or making insinuations of the character contained in your issue of August 10, some effort should be made by the editors or publishers to verify the truth of the allegations made.

A. E. COOK,
Assistant to the Secretary, Department of Labor.

Washington, D. C.

[The New Republic's editorial commented upon a special cable despatch to the New York Times from its Rome bureau, appearing on page 1 of that paper's issue for Sunday, July 31, 1927. The main point of our comment was the following paragraph from the Times' cable: "The chief evidence against Signor Chiassone was a letter he wrote to Secretary of Labor Davis while in jail in Boston, imploring that he be not sent back to Italy because he feared that the Fascist government would 'get him' for his political activities in the United States."—THE EDITORS.]

"The Fundamentalists Retreat"

SIR: Your editorial of August 24, "The Fundamentalists Retreat," is a masterly analysis of the problem presented by the Fundamentalist's war on the method of science. One cannot help questioning, however, whether the note of optimism which prevails in it, especially in the title, may not be somewhat misleading, or even dangerous, as leading to an unwarranted apathetic attitude on the part of the educated public.

While it is true that the editorial in question does not fail to point out that "the campaign still goes on in its various underground forms," and that pressure "is still being brought to bear on the state school boards not to endorse textbooks which seem to gaze too fondly on the hated principles of 'Darwinism,'" etc., nevertheless there runs through the discussion a thread of argument leading to the conclusion that the real menace of the Fundamentalist war on modern science is expressed mostly, and importantly, in their attempts at legislative action; and that any real danger from this campaign has been passed, with the crusaders in full retreat. But do the "evidences" justify either of these assumptions? Evidences in the hands of the present correspondent—which will be published this fall—tend to support a very different view of the situation.

Just what are the "evidences" of a Fundamentalist retreat? During the past decade it was considered "news" if an anti-evolution measure was presented in from one to three state legislatures. During the present year, thirteen legislative bodies had such bills under consideration. Is this indicative of a retreat? Or does this growing menace show that "an effort, which was really formidable three years ago, has virtually broken down"? Why assume that "the period of most danger from activities of this sort is now past?" Have the crusaders announced that hereafter their time, energy and funds will be more largely devoted to other activities? Are they discouraged? If they are, they have not yet found it out!

Dr. Riley, Bryan's able successor in this nation-wide crusade, has recently announced that the attempts so far made to outlaw the teaching of evolution "in our tax-supported schools" constitute a mere "skirmish," and that "the fight has just begun." On another occasion (at Atlanta, Ga.) he told the press that hereafter attacks would be more concentrated, and that more adequate preparatory work would be done, and farther in advance of a bill's introduction. Why should liberals relax their own vigil, on the assumption that the Fundamentalists are in full retreat? Most of us, unfortunately, are apathetic enough already!

MAYNARD SHIPLEY, President,
The Science League of America, Inc.

San Francisco, California.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Impossible India

Mother India, by Katherine Mayo. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 440 pages. $3.75.

India and the Earthly Paradise, by E. Sylvia Pankhurst. Bombay: The Sunshine Publishing House. 638 pages. Rs. 6/8.

TWO years ago, when I read Katherine Mayo's propagandist volume on the Philippines, it seemed to me certain that she would go next to India and produce a book enforcing a conclusion precisely similar to the one reiterated in "The Isles of Fear." The thesis of that vigorous manifesto, it will be remembered, is that the United States must keep its governing hand upon the archipelago, for if it did not, the Filipinos would be skinned alive by their own landlords, lawyers, usurers. Miss Mayo, I felt sure, would see in British India a land upon which the same moral was stamped in enormous characters. And if she has not done this, or has done it only incidentally, the reason is plain. She was so completely overwhelmed by what she saw and was told about the Hindu social system, and about one special part of that system, that she has set it all down in hot anger, and, accordingly, has been able to give relatively little attention to all the rest of the immense Indian problem. "Mother India" is charged with high explosive. It has caused a greater stir than any book on India that has appeared in the present generation, and it has been received in certain quarters with a welcome that is likely to have far-reaching consequences. The essential thing, therefore, since the book is doing its doubtful work, is that it should be examined objectively and estimated in relation to the immediate practical problem confronting the British authorities and the leaders of Indian public life.

By this time, the substance and character of "Mother India" have become so widely known that there is no necessity for an English reviewer to attempt a summary of its arguments and conclusions. Of its thirty short chapters (which, by the way, are thrown together with a more complete disregard of continuity than I have remarked in almost any contemporary book), about two-thirds are devoted to an indictment of the social and domestic structure of Hinduism, an indictment falling mainly under three or four heads. Miss Mayo, while drawing a political inference that is unmistakable, affirms that the woes of India have nothing to do with government or, as Mahatma Gandhi insists, with the dominance of an alien power. They are inherent, she says, in the Hindu system. Horrible in itself, it creates the slave mentality that the West sees to be the ineluctable heritage of the Indian peoples. Miss Mayo writes: "The whole pyramid of the Indian's woes, material and spiritual . . . rests upon a rock-bottom physical base: this base is, simply, his manner of getting into the world and his sex-life thenceforward." And again: "The British administration of India, be it good, bad, or indifferent, has nothing whatever to do with the conditions"—inertia, helplessness, lack of staying power, of sustaining loyalties, and the rest. "All are traits that truly characterize the Indian, not only of today but of long-past history. All, furthermore, will continue to characterize him in increasing degree until he admits their causes and with his own two hands uproots them."

There is the central point of "Mother India"; and the reader has to determine, if he can, how far it is or can be proved. Hinduism is, in a degree unimaginable to the modern American, a system based upon the dominance of the male. That dominance is embodied in the marvelous structure of caste, which, in its rigidity and elaboration, has no parallel in any other social order known among men. It is associated with the system of child marriage which, although not found everywhere in India, must be counted a general and terrible fact of the country. It has further, through its age-long religious absorption in the idea of procreation, brought about an exaggeration of the sexual life, thus producing evils that are recognized and attacked by the modernist organizations of India and by all the most important public men, Gandhi, of course, being in the lead. In the world of Hindu orthodoxy, girls are married at puberty; motherhood follows with tragic swiftness, and the custom involves a high percentage of physical and mental suffering, and, not seldom, torture. Miss Mayo puts fury into her descriptions, and she reinforces them with medical testimony of a kind that is usually omitted, for prudish reasons, from books intended for the general reader. Even so, however, I do not understand why, for the worst of them, she should go back to 1891. To her chapters dealing with child marriage, motherhood, and widowhood, she adds others, of a hair-raising fierceness, on the treatment of the untouchable classes by the privileged castes, and the shocking barbarities, often denounced by Mr. Gandhi in prophetic wrath, that are inflicted in India upon the cow, which, according to Hindu tradition, is the most sacred of beasts. A great part of Miss Mayo's facts cannot be challenged; and yet the picture she has drawn is profoundly untrue. It is a libel upon a unique civilization and a people of extraordinary virtue, patience and spiritual quality. I cannot here attempt to track her through the vivid maze of her assertions. It must suffice for me to deal with a few characteristic illustrations.

Miss Mayo writes as though the horrors of filth and superstition surrounding childbirth were peculiar to Hindu society. Suppose that one were to make a realistic picture of maternity in any other Asiatic country, or, for that matter, as has often been done, in the slum cities of Europe and the United States, would any of Miss Mayo's inferences apply? She cites examples in detail of Indian male sexuality. It would be impossible, I think, to produce anything of the kind more loathsome. But Miss Mayo cannot be unaware that the records of all protective societies in Europe and America contain incidents which, fact for fact, are as horrible as these. She asserts that the majority of Hindu men are, through indulgence and perversion, impotent at twenty-five. The sufficient reply to that astonishing accusation would seem to be that, if it were anything like half true, the figures of population under the Pax Britannica would not cause any alarm to the government of India. In treating of the Untouchables and the so-called criminal tribes, she implies that such agencies as the Salvation Army stand virtually alone in their remedial efforts. The truth is that, long before the rise of their great champion, Gandhi, a powerful section of Indian reformers labored as earnestly for social redemption as for political advance. Miss Mayo quotes Rabindranath Tagore in such a way as to imply that he is an apologist of child marriage. The passage cited from the Bengali poet is a condensed statement of the case for early marriage (an entirely different thing) as accepted throughout the Orient. Rabindranath Tagore is a leader of the Brahmo community, which fifty years ago carried through the Indian Legislature the first reformed-marriage act. Miss Mayo speaks as though the seclusion of women behind the *purdah* were universal throughout India, and she says again and again that no Indian girl or young woman can be left unprotected for an hour, since she would assuredly be violated! The seclusion of women is an es-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tablished custom only in certain provinces. Over great tracts of the country there is no *purdah*. Women move freely and unveiled through the bazaars. Women of the peasant and coolie classes work in the open as they work everywhere in the world. Miss Mayo, in an astonishing lapse, quotes as a recent dictum the most threadbare piece of cynicism that is passed about among Europeans in India; namely, that one week after the withdrawal of the British there would not be a rupee or a virgin left in Bengal. Apart from the point that, according to Miss Mayo's own demonstration, there are almost no virgins in Bengal over ten years of age, one may note the somewhat glaring historical fact that, before the advent of the British, Bengal certainly showed no despicable power of social resistance against, as Macaulay put it, every marauder of the East. And finally, in this brief series of instances, Miss Mayo has been led to believe that there is an inherent contrast between the ethical standards of Hindu society and those of the Indian Moslems, a contrast greatly to the advantage of the latter. This is one of the most surprising things in the book; and with it is coupled the extraordinary blunder of Miss Mayo's assumption that the virile races of India are all Moslems. Any British soldier would have put her right there.

I have been able in this article to refer to no more than a hundredth part of the assertions and inferences that provoke debate in "Mother India." Any tolerable statement of the other side would require a volume at least as large as the one under review. I end with a word of the kind which, I think, no European and no American who has dwelt among the Indian people could refrain from uttering. I lived for five years in India, occupying a position which gave me unusual opportunities of meeting Indians of different kinds. I had many Indian friends. I saw the inside of Indian homes. I observed the laboring Indian in cities and villages. And, as I call up the memory of those people and scenes, and set the reality of my recollection alongside the appalling picture which Miss Mayo has provided for her very large company of readers in several continents, I am filled with bewilderment and regret. The vast multitude of India's common people makes upon every Westerner a wonderful impression of goodness, endurance, and dignity. We know, for everybody tells us so, that the Indian woman has a terribly hard time. But I see her, as she comes up every morning from her ceremonial bath in the river, walking noiselessly with a troop of her fellows, a figure unsurpassed in the world for beauty, and serenity, and grace, and I marvel at the power of spirit which has so undeniably conquered in her. As for the intelligentsia of India, they are made up of many communities, all in their several ways endowed with remarkable and attractive gifts. They inherit a social system of extraordinary complexity. It is their task to bring it into relation with the modern world; and the very least that we can do is to recognize that the task is one of immeasurable difficulty. But, however difficult it may be, one thing is surely beyond dispute: the Indian system can be changed only with infinite labor, and from within. An alien power must leave it for the autonomous India of tomorrow. Miss Mayo quotes, with evident approval, the wildly nonsensical saying of some acquaintance, to the effect that the crime of the British government is that it has stood protector to this awful system of darkness and oppression, which, if left to the mercy of the harder races of Asia, would long ago have been swept into the void. Here, perhaps, we have the booby-prize remark from a Westerner about India. There are more than 300 millions of Indian people; and the one thing we know about them that is above and beyond all controversy is that they are one of the very few eternal races of mankind, being rooted in a social system which has withstood the storms of at least thirty centuries.

Those who knew Sylvia Pankhurst long ago as a militant suffragist, and know her nowadays as an ardent missionary of revolution, will be astonished to find her writing a book about India, and one, moreover, covering a very wide field. She begins with chapters on ancient India, its society and religion, which imply a considerable amount of reading; and she enters vigorously into the controversial regions of Brahmin ascendancy, caste and child marriage, before going on to restate the radical case against the British *Raj*. Where the Earthly Paradise comes into this is a question that may well puzzle the American reader. The reply, however, is simple enough. Miss Pankhurst is first and last a Communist, proclaiming that Communism must be paradise for India as for all other lands. That is her plain word after a survey which contains an equal condemnation of the Hindu hierarchy, the native rulers of the past, and the British masters of today. And here is the most interesting point: Miss Pankhurst denounces child marriage and the Indian treatment of women, the tyranny of the priesthood, and many other evils of the Hindu system, as unmercifully as the author of "Mother India" herself, and her citation of evidence is almost as dreadful; but she comes to a conclusion precisely opposite. Miss Mayo says the Indian system is so hideous that the British must stay, and rule very much more hardly than they do now. Miss Pankhurst, not disguising any of the facts that seem so appalling to the Westerner, is convinced that the British must go. How their going would hasten the coming of a paradisal communist India she does not attempt to forecast. The book is published only in India. Indian printing is still very imperfect, but that does not excuse Miss Pankhurst for her terrifying carelessness in the matter of familiar proper names. Her book, by the bye, might have been entitled, "India without Gandhi."

S. K. Ratcliffe.

American Psychiatry

The Psychology of Mental Disorders, by Abraham Myerson, M. D. New York. The Macmillan Company: 135 pages. $1.40.

THIS useful guide to the perplexities of mind gives opportunity to recognize an inspiring body of knowledge that affects the thinking and the practice of the American public. It comes from the humanizing of a medical specialty, formerly narrowly concerned with acute mental disorders, into a helpful doctrine of mental health, of sanity of mind and body directed to the rational safeguarding of the nation's supreme asset—the efficiency and right-mindedness of its citizens, made and in the making. The joint enterprise of psychiatry, psychology, mental hygiene, and the educational and sociological disciplines, has brought about an understanding and control of our mental mobilization and defenses that has penetrated into every phase of social life.

Parents, schools, churches, courts, welfare-work, all recognize it. Terms not so long ago confined to specialists are handled familiarly by the laity: moron, inferiority complex, mental age, delinquency, family conflict, repressions, hereditary taint, sex-perversion, retardation, infantilism, neurasthenia, hysteria, neuroses, dementia, paranoid delusions, psychopaths. The gap has been closed between the definitely mentally disordered and the erratic and deviating

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tendencies within the normal range, the occasional depressions and excitements, the episodes of irresponsibility, the victims of amnesia, the trance states, the mob outbreaks of fanaticism, and all the several disturbers of the psychic peace that mark a breakdown of the individual stability or the social adaptation.

The understanding thus gained spreads to all the slighter estrangements, the problems of discipline, the adjustments of character to circumstance, the fairer pursuit of happiness, the wise regulation of human differences, the normalization of those with personality deficits or defects. This is the normative side of mental hygiene, providing light-houses and reef-markers to prevent disaster along the coast of common voyages.

The emphasis has swung from thought to feeling, from bare information and skill to character and personality. The movement was inevitable, but received much of its momentum and set from the motive psychology of Freud. This began with the neuroses of the clinic, was transferred promptly to the neuroses of the family, then to the neuroses of all the large human enterprises, and the neuroses of nations. The satisfaction of urges, the avoidance of too severe repressions, the steering between license and liberty, are all mental hygienic problems illuminated by the psychopathic insight.

Dr. Myerson is a noted popularizer of this gospel of mental fitness. His "Nervous Housewife," his "Foundations of Personality," his "When Life Loses its Zest," and now this "Psychology of Mental Disorders," make a five-inch shelf of fine advice and wholesome doctrine. This is what everyone should know about the ills that mind is heir to, to keep out of their insidious clutches. For "mental" cases outnumber and outweigh other forms of incapacitating illness. Mental welfare is a national concern quite worthy in scale to warrant a department paralleling that which directs the affairs of commerce in the nation's organization.

By many engaging routes is the reader led to grasp the realities of mental deviation and their bearing upon larger enterprises, and as well to grapple at close range with his own difficulties. For such service to adult education, one may be duly grateful.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

Mystic Democrats and Baffled Voters

American Parties and Elections, by Edward M. Sait. New York: The Century Company. 608 pages. $3.75.

PROFESSOR Sait has produced, in the form of a textbook, an excellent critical analysis of American political parties in relation to the election process. Twenty-five years ago, a work along similar lines was published by a foreigner, M. Ostrogorski, who, however, worked in the field before it had attracted many American scholars and legislators. In compiling his volume, Professor Sait has had the aid of works on politics by such men as Beard, Ford, Merriam, Brooks, Holcombe, Croly and Lippmann, to say nothing of the countless specialized studies of politicians and party practices which have appeared since Ostrogorski wrote his treatise. In addition, Sait has had a great mass of statutory and legal material on parties to digest and summarize. In endeavoring to give a realistic flavor to his book, he relies heavily upon his sources, and gives long quotations. On the other hand, by diligent use of the files of the New York Times, he has added much original illustrative material. While he shows a thorough grasp of the field, there are a few titles missing which one would expect to find in such a book. In discussing the influence of big business on politics, no mention is made of Bonnett's work, and, in discussing the farmer-labor movement, no reference is made to Rice. Except for cramping due to the conventions of textbook writing, the book is written in a lucid style.

With Lippmann, Sait makes war upon the "mystic democrats." Manhood suffrage in this country was never based upon natural right. Although the theory was propounded before each extension of the suffrage, it was never made the basis of action. The chief consideration has been expediency. Woman suffrage has not brought the fruits which its advocates claimed. It has had no marked effect upon party politics. It is doubtful whether public opinion rules in a democracy. Opinion does not grow spontaneously in the minds of the voters. It is manufactured for them by individuals, newspapers and organized groups. The most important of these groups is the political party, which has its basis in temperamental and economic factors. The extension of the suffrage made the development of political parties in this country inevitable. Professor Sait has little sympathy for the theory that the cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy. The multiplication of elective offices, the direct primary, the initiative and referendum, the recall and proportional representation are devices which will not give satisfaction in this country, because they are based upon the false assumption that the voters can work them. The author holds the view that "the average man is averse to sustained thinking or incapable of it, unacquainted with the facts or without means of appraising them," and that "there is no virtue in mere numbers." The reform of the party system can be brought about by building up higher standards in politics and business, and by centering responsibility within the government, through such measures as the short ballot.

The theory of the incompetence of the masses is as old as Plato. Professor Sait is not willing to go as far as Mussolini in condemning democratic government. He even ventures to say in this book that a change in party control, though involving no departure in policy, may bring about a more honest and efficient administration. A little democracy is a good thing. When you have too much democracy, there are wicked party machines, and the voters grow indifferent. The trouble with this theory is that it is too simple. The electorate of Switzerland is overburdened in much the same way that the American electorate is, and yet there is no spoils system in Switzerland. When the Swiss adopted proportional representation for their national elections, in 1919, there was a marked increase in the interest in voting. The spoils system and electoral indifference in this country are partly the result of the peculiarities of our political system, but they are also the products of our industrial prosperity and the long-continued domination of a single party. It is easy to say that the direct primary, the initiative and referendum and proportional representation do not work because the voters are helpless, but it is harder to show just how individuals, newspapers, and organized groups do make them work after a fashion. This Professor Sait has not done. But while in penetration of reasoning and constructive suggestions the book is somewhat deficient, it is to be commended as an exposition of present-day phenomena in the political field.

HAROLD F. GOSNELL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Democratic Age

Twentieth Century Europe, by Preston W. Slosson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 747 pages. $6.

IN "Twentieth Century Europe," Professor Slosson has attempted to make intelligible the last quarter century of history. He has not confined himself to Europe, nor exclusively to political changes. He has laid a more than usually broad basis for his volume in the first two hundred and fifty pages, where he gives us something of the cultural, social, economic and geographical bases on which not only the European, but also the American and Asian civilizations rest.

Bergson has said that memory is a machine for forgetting what is no longer pertinent. History, as the memory of the race, should be. For this reason, in so recent and jumbled an era, one important test of excellence is the basis of selection and arrangement. This is really admirable, and Professor Slosson has canalized the main movements into their larger streams. As assistant librarian of the American Peace Commission, he was in a position to give some first-hand "inside" information, but he has resisted the temptation to over-extend this interesting chapter.

That Professor Slosson is a partisan of democracy and self-determination of nationalities, his chapters on "The Rising Tide of Democracy" and "The Era of Reconstruction" indicate. He seems to be conscious of no antagonism between these Kilkenny Cats of so many of our contemporary political philosophers. Yet if, by democracy, one means anything which involves the doctrine of equal rights for all, one cannot also have self-determination of nationality which involves a notion of special rights of nationality for majorities only. Even experts of the Supreme Council cannot, in this day, draw frontiers for any nationalistic state which will not include "alien" minorities. In addition, the migratory laborer and the religious non-conformists are bound to suffer under any nationalistic system, as the Jews of Poland and Rumania are here to testify. Religious toleration has probably lost ground in the last ten years under the pressure of this lauded principle. The Ku Klux Klan and Fascismo are both manifestations of nationalism. They may be dismissed as excesses. But a democracy which believes in some sort of "bill of rights" for all, can no more recognize the inalienable rights of nationality than it can recognize the hereditary rights of a governing class; and nineteenth century history is there to prove that where nationalism was disregarded, as in French Savoy or Alsace, it resulted in no political problems; whereas in all states where it was made an issue, as in German Poland, or Austria, or in the new nationalistic states since the War, it has resulted and must result in disabilities for some. For all its faults, the Russian Soviet has seen that a democracy has no need of nationalistic rights. Until Europe in practice recognizes the same fact there will be neither true democracy nor any reduction of racial antagonisms, as fertile in causes of war as the dynastic ambitions of sovereigns. The errors of the Peace Conference and the League—such as the present frontiers of Rumania, Poland and Italy, the award of Vilna, ancient capital of Lithuania, to Poland, and the impossible Dantzig corridor—can nearly all be traced to the befuddlement which has resulted from the contradiction between "national rights" and democratic principles. Behind the present crisis of parliamentarianism in Greece, Bulgaria, Italy and Spain, we could find these two principles at war. What we need is not more internationalized basins and corridors, but a few more denationalized democracies, such as the Founding Fathers once believed they had created in these states.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

Fiction Notes

Black Stream, by Nathalie Colby. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MRS. COLBY affords interesting illustration of the way in which the old novel of manners is making use of the new technique of fiction. The author skims the surface of the consciousness of her characters in a series of soliloquies, which culminate in occasional dramatic scenes. The amount of action and drama is diminished, but, on the other hand, the mental life, which formerly was presented inertly, as analysis of motive, now becomes a sort of drama itself, and thought takes on the vivacity of speech. The reason for mentioning the subject here is that Mrs. Colby has sustained this method extraordinarily well throughout her second novel. The only reservation we can make is that the central figure, Dr. John Farraday, whose career as a scientist is sacrificed to the exigencies of his expensive family life, is given less attention than is proportionately due to his value and interest. Mrs. Colby's method lends itself to acceleration. Faster and faster the wheels revolve; and the train sways until one fears that it will leave the track. It does not; but it seems that some of the passengers have been spilled out when the destination is reached.

The Love Child, by Edith Olivier. New York: The Viking Press. $1.50.

THE LOVE CHILD" has something of the haunting quality of simple reality issuing into the deepest mystery, which marks "Lolly Willowes." In this case, the mystery is that of creation, of virgin birth. The yearning in loneliness of Agatha Bodenham restores to her an imagined playmate of her childhood, who, from a vision, takes on material form through the energy of her creator's desire. The process is so natural that we do not realize that we have entered the region of miracle, until the dream is shattered by a new and more powerful passion. "The Love Child" may be read as an allegory or a fairy tale. In either case, it is singularly moving and beautiful.

The Dark Chamber, by Leonard Cline. New York: The Viking Press. $2.

THE DARK CHAMBER" also seeks to deal with mysteries behind mortal minds—the mysteries of atavism and ancestral memory, the obscure experience of the race which has left in the living brain traces by which it can be recalled. Mr. Cline's method is the reverse of Miss Olivier's. Instead of leading us gradually, imperceptibly from reality to miracle, he brings us at once to Mordance Hall, which is near kin to the House of Usher, and there seeks through every appeal of background to strengthen the magic of terror. The type is not new—the superstitions of science as material for fiction began to succeed those of religion early in the nineteenth century—nor is the method. What is noteworthy is the range of Mr. Cline's resources, which he wastes extravagantly.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gallions Reach, by H. M. Tomlinson. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

"GALLIONS REACH" is a series of pictures of sea and jungle, connected in the experience of James Colet. Almost casually, Colet's fist gives a blow which is the cause of the death of his employer, Mr. Perriam of Perriam Limited, in Billiter Avenue, London, with connections in Colombo, Rangoon, Penang, Borneo, China. By another circumstance, equally casual, he becomes a passenger on the "Altair," lately owned by Perriam; and after a storm and wreck in the Indian Ocean, he finds as realities the places whose names had gone over his desk for a dozen years. The pictures are unforgettable. After the overwhelming might and majesty of the sea comes the grotesque, sinister, disintegrating power of the jungle of Cambodia. And through all hardships and terrors saunters Jim Colet, imperturbable, superb in his nonchalance. He is the pervading element of fiction in the novel; and he is not less true than the natural realities amid which he moves.

The Sentimentalists, by Dale Collins. Boston: Little Brown and Company. $2.

THIS is a sea novel of a more conventional sort, told in a second-hand manner, with much explanation of character instead of direct presentation of consciousness. The scene of the story, as of Mr. Tomlinson's, is the East Indies. If the background is not handled in the same grandiose fashion, it is perhaps because Mr. Collins is more concerned about getting on with his story. This gathers about a baby picked up at Panjermassa, by Captain Abel Whelan of the brig "Hirondelle," who engages Tina, the beautiful courtesan, to take care of the child. This situation gave Bret Harte an admirable short story in "The Luck of Roaring Camp," but it wears very thin in a novel, even when reinforced by Johnnie Summers, who suddenly loves Tina, and the baby's mother, who preposterously turns up. Mr. Collins himself ceases to believe in his story. Something of this same lack of conviction marred the conclusion of his spirited novel "Ordeal." In this case it lets the situation down to farce.

R. M. L.

Contributors

PAUL BLANSHARD is Field Secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy.

ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS is the author of a book on the Russian people, of which "The Bolshevist Boy Scouts" will form one of the chapters, to be published this fall by the New Republic in its dollar series.

S. K. RATCLIFFE, well known lecturer in America on British and international affairs, was formerly editor of The Statesman, Calcutta.

JOSEPH JASTROW, Ph. D., is professor of Psychology at the University of Wisconsin. He is the author of "The Subconscious," "Character and Temperament," and many other works.

HAROLD F. GOSNELL is assistant professor of Political Science in the University of Chicago. He is the author of "Boss Platt and His New York Machine," and "Getting Out the Vote."

CHRISTIAN GAUSS, Dean of the College at Princeton University, is the author of "The German Emperor," "Why We Went to War," and other books.

25¢ a month

(75c for 3 months; $1.50 for 6 months)

is the special price of

THE NEW REPUBLIC

for CLASSROOM use

For thirteen years The New Republic has been used by classes in History, Journalism, Economics, Literature, Education, etc. Its specialty is the presentation of opinion based upon an exceptionally close scrutiny of and adherence to fact. Its intellectual and literary quality has made it a favorite in American universities. Its interest is accentuated by the unique aspects of the presidential campaign now getting under way.

Orders should be for ten copies or more to go to one address.

Instructor's copy free

THE NEW REPUBLIC NEW YORK CITY
421 West 21st Street

For the enclosed $...., please enter in my name .... subscriptions ....months each for my class in ..... to begin with ..... issue.

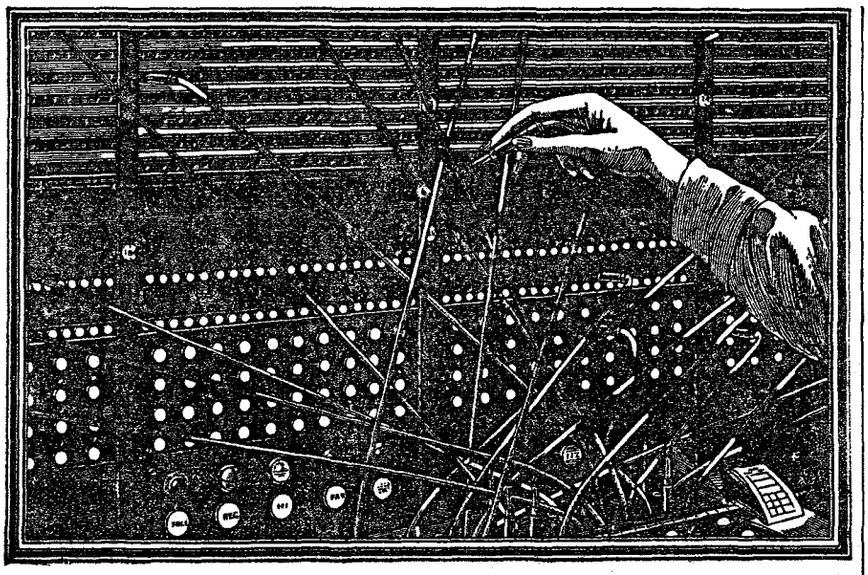
Name.....

Address.....

In full.....

9-21-27

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Switchboard

An Advertisement of
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

A WEB of cords plugged into numbered holes. A hand ready to answer signals which flash from tiny lamps. A mind alert for prompt and accurate performance of a vital service. A devotion to duty inspired by a sense of the public's reliance on that service.

Every section of a telephone switchboard typifies the co-ordination of human effort and mechanism which makes possible America's far-reaching telephone service. Its cords link for instant speech those who are separated by a few miles or by a continent. Its guardian operators are of the telephone army—men and women vigilant to meet a nation's need for communications.

In plant and personnel, the Bell System is in effect a vast switchboard serving a nation that has been transformed into a neighborhood through telephone growth and development.

SUMMER RESORTS

Brook Bend Corner House
MONTEREY, MASS.
R. R. Station — Gt. Barrington, P. O. Monterey

It is beautiful in the Berkshires in the winter, especially up to Christmas.

Miss Leila Livingston Morse and Mrs. Arthur Agmar Cater have arranged to take care of a few people who want charming, quiet surroundings and delicious food.

MANHATTAN BEACH HOTEL, N. Y. Live in a modern, fireproof hotel by the seashore, for less than in the crowded city. $12 per week for two; homelike comforts; outdoor sports; maid, valet and telephone service; 37 minutes from Times Sq., BMT. **Phone Sheepshead 3,000.**

SCHOOLS

The Little White Schoolhouse
VALLEY COTTAGE, N. Y.

An informal school in the country, one hour from New York, for children, five to seven.

Agnes de Lima, director **Tel. Nyack**
Valley Cottage, N. Y. **675-W**

EARN PROMOTION AND COLLEGE CREDIT
through the
HOME-STUDY COURSES
in 40 different subjects given by
The University of Chicago
233 Ellis Hall, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE

THERE is a tract of land, comprising 200 acres, in a most attractive suburban section, within easy commuting distance of New York, that some intelligent and enterprising person will see the possibilities in for development as an all year round resort, or sanitarium, or country school, or club. If he were to see its splendid woodlands with towering oaks, fragrant pines and abundant shrubbery; its fine springs, trout stream, and lovely lake; its beautiful walks and bridal paths; its commanding location on an accessible hill top he might well be urged to take its thirty room brick house, its three ten room cottages (all with modern improvements), along with its stables and convert them to the uses of people seeking an ideal retreat. To such a desirable man or woman the owner is ready to lease the property for a five or ten year period at an attractive rate. References given and required. No brokers. Address: Box 505. The New Republic.

Investor and Executive Wanted

I control the stock of attractive book and art shop in New York which has been neglected recently because my time was taken up with other interests. Will welcome investor with $5,000 willing to devote full time and share executive responsibility. Will pledge three important things to insure success. First will cancel $5,000 of my own investment so as not to burden the business with additional obligation; second will submit a plan of reorganization based on experience that will bring immediate results, provided this advertisement secures the right man or woman to coöperate with us. The third and most important factor will be explained with all other particulars on application. Address Box 508, The New Republic.

POSITIONS WANTED

Young woman (26), who, despite an A.B. and an A.M. (Cornell), an appreciation of Latin verse, the **Poetics**, and William Blake, finds good sense, executive experience, a knowledge of practical printing and hard work even more interesting and of more permanent worth,—wants a job (or an opportunity)), where these latter qualifications count. **Address: Box 503, The New Republic.**

The former pastor of an American Community Church in a Latin American capital, now returning from a two months' study of European conditions, seeks position, with a view to specialization in foreign affairs, on editorial staff of newspaper or periodical. **Reply "Foreign Affairs," The New Republic.**

WANTED—interesting evening work, paid or volunteer, by intelligent, energetic girl with spare time after 6 P. M. College and legal training, expert stenographer, knowledge languages. Address Box 507, The New Republic.

WANTED: MMS. to type or edit at home. Ten years' experience. No objection to itinerant jobs. Clarice Lorenz, South Dennis, Mass.

FOR RENT

HALF OF HOUSE
(Chelsea, 24th Street)

Four rooms (two 20 x 16), two bathrooms, kitchenette; wood-burning fireplaces, bookshelves to accommodate about three thousand volumes. Lease to May 1929, $215. Watkins 0554.

335 WEST 11th: Ten 2-room—bath apartments, 2 with kitchens, in splendid remodeled house, Greenwich Village. Steam heat, hot water, fireplaces, porch, large garden. $50 to $80. **Telephone: Watkins 1225.**

WRITERS:—A few tasteful, inexpensive studio apartments available. Excellent neighborhood. Congenial working conditions. 51 W. 11th St.

Desk space and office for rent, suitable non-commercial organization or professional woman. New York League of Girls Clubs, 222 Madison Ave., at 36th Street, New York City.

GENERAL

CONTACT WITHOUT FRICTION! Are you mentally isolated? "Contacts," literary correspondence club, introduces you to versatile, unconventional minds. No Formalities. Books loaned free to members. Registration fee, $1.00. Particulars, stamp, Merlin Wand, Manorville, Pa.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED